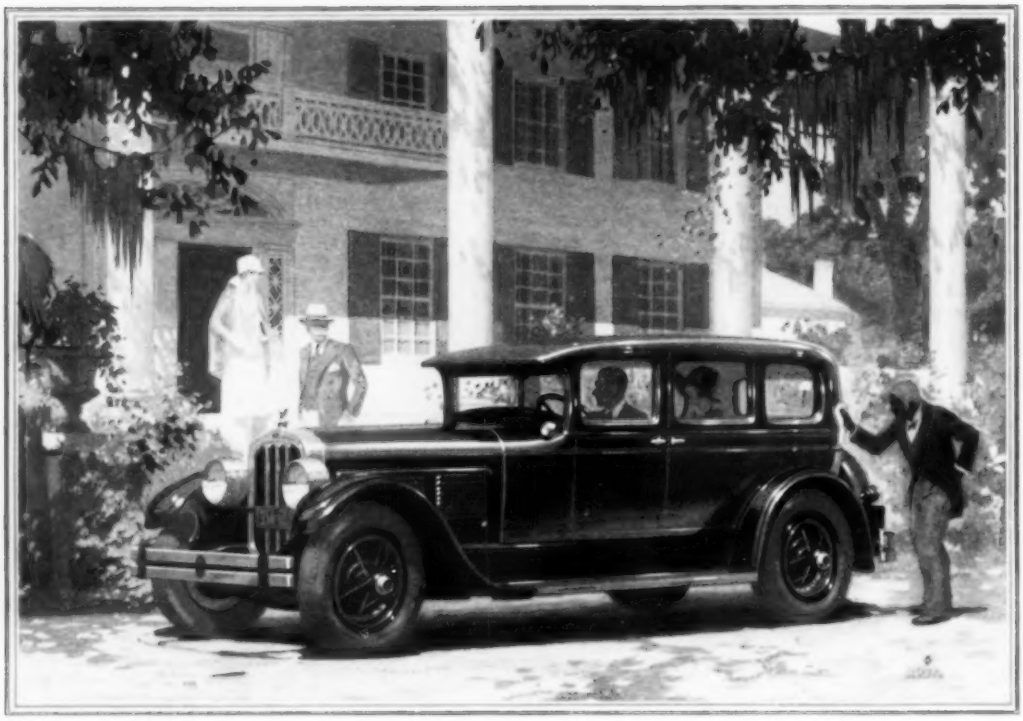
979
AUGUST 11, 1927

Life

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE FADED BLONDE



The Eight Called Royal

BECAUSE OF ITS MAGNIFICENCE

The New 1928 models are being admired from coast to coast

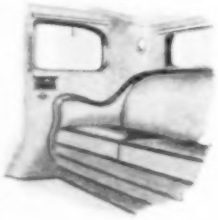
LUXURY-LIKING motorists everywhere have been quick to note how superiorly the 1928 Chandler models stand out in four different price classes—and quick in awarding Chandler the favor and distinction rightfully due any product that makes a better showing than other products of its kind.

In fact, the volume of Chandler sales is advancing along at such a rate as to leave no doubt that Chandler has packed into its new Royal Eights and new Sixes inner talents and merits quite in keeping with rare beauty.

Chandler has built these new Royal Eights and Sixes *low to the ground*—and powered them to overpower the steepest of hills with ease—to excel in traffic sprints—to maintain top speed, if necessary, hour after hour. And the famous Pikes Peak power principle has been made *quieter* and *smoother* than ever!

Just put any other eight or six up against a new Royal Eight or a Six by Chandler—and simply make your own comparison of their relative points of merit.

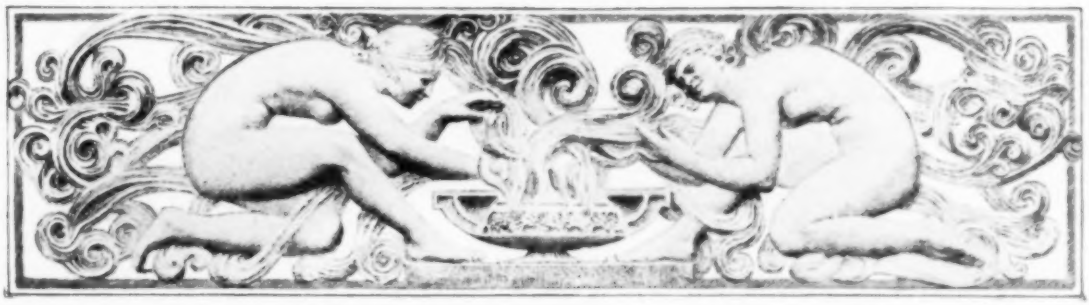
We invite you to do this with the promise that no effort will be made to sway or prejudice you. And it's two to one that you will agree voluntarily that Chandler is the most *convincing* automobile you ever laid hands on. We proudly ask you to try a drive in one.



CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

ROYAL EIGHTS BIG SIXES SPECIAL SIXES STANDARD SIXES



POUDRE APRÈS LE BAIN

THE NEW DUSTING POWDER

COTY

SO RICHLY FRAGRANT

Luxurious — exquisite — it gives the delicious sense of physical perfection that inspires a pride in one's own charm. Dusting it smoothly over the body, with the fluffy soft puff is a rite of loveliness essential to fastidious women.

COTY Poudre Après le Bain *is in all the favourite* COTY *fragrances.*

L'ORIGAN
PARIS · CHYPRE
EMERAUDE
EAU DE COTY
JASMIN DE CORSE
LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT
STYX

TWO SIZES—WATERPROOF BASE BOX
WITH FINEST LAMB'S WOOL PUFF

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

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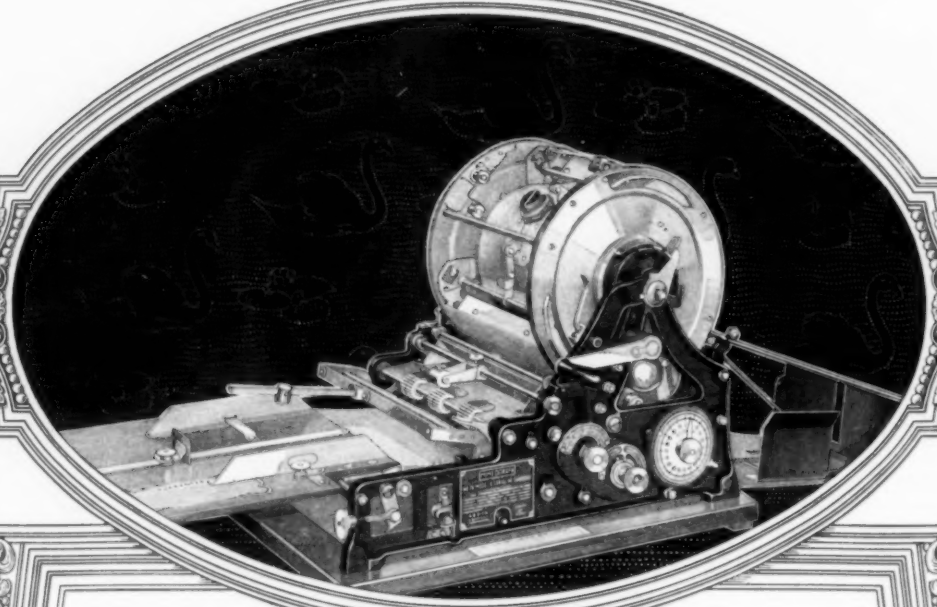

THE KING'S SWANS

All of the swans in England are the property of the king. Every Mimeograph in the world has been, in its young life, the property of the A. B. Dick Company—exclusive makers of the Mimeograph and its supplies. And that these unnumbered thousands of speedy duplicators may turn out their daily grist of well printed letters, forms, bulletins, blanks, designs, maps, etc., dependably and in practically unlimited quantities, this company now maintains direct factory branches in the following American cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, bringing Mimeographs, Mimeograph supplies, and Mimeograph service always "near at hand." A request to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will bring booklet and full particulars.

MIMEOGRAPH

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Life

"THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE MORE THERE, JOE—SHALL WE TOSS FOR IT?"

A Couple of Good Sports

"INTERNATIONAL Sport," said he, "is a great thing to promote understanding between nations."

"Indeed it is," said I. "A great thing."

"Look at golf," said he.

"Bobby Jones is our ambassador," said I.

"And he generally wins," said he.

"He's a wonderful ambassador," said I.

"You bet he is," said he. "And the Olympic track team—they're wonderful ambassadors, too."

"They are," said I. "And they win."

"And polo," said he. "We've got some fine diplomats on horseback there."

"And they win," said I.

"You said it," said he.

"But how about tennis?" said I. "I hear the French have got the best players in the world at that game."

"Have they?" said he. "Well, they can't lick our boys. No Frenchman ever could."

"They did," said I.

"Did they?" said he. "Well, they must have been lucky."

"Maybe," said I. "But they're good players, these French."

"Is that so?" said he. "Well, maybe they won't look so good when they play over here."

"Maybe they won't," said I.

"Our boys will lick the stuffings out of them," said he. "The dirty foreigners."

"I hope so," said I. "We don't want no foreigners winning our championships."

"No, sir!" said he. "Because sport can do such a lot to promote international understanding."

F. P. Dunne, Jr.

Can You *Bear* It?

Alice: WHY DON'T YOU ACCEPT DICK?
Virginia: OH, HE WANTS TO MARRY ME TO REFORM ME!

Heresy!

HEADLINE WRITER: Give me a snappy title for Dempsey. I've used every name on the list.

REPORTER: Why not call him Dempsey?

HEADLINE WRITER: And get fired? In the five years I've been on this paper we've never used the real name of a celebrity in a headline.

TEACHER: Willie, what is an embassy?

WILLIE: A place where transatlantic flyers change their clothes.

Judge: WERE YOU EVER IN TROUBLE BEFORE?
Prisoner: WELL—I—ER—KEPT A LIBRARY BOOK TOO LONG, ONCE, AND WAS FINED TWO CENTS.

The Hotel Booklet Author Accepts a Week-End Invitation

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOP:

Thank you for your invitation for next Saturday.

We will start from New York about noon on one of the many luxurious trains which maintain constant connection with Seaweed-by-the-Dock, and after a short trip through beautiful rolling country and fertile farmland we find ourselves skirting the shore of the crystal sea by whose broad bosom we are to spend such happy, happy hours.

Your private motor which meets all trains will be on hand to take us from the station to "Crest Fallen," where we will be heartily welcomed in the good old-fashioned style and made to feel part of one big family.

What pleasures the ensuing days hold in store for us! Situated, as it is, on a bluff overlooking the ocean, "Crest Fallen" offers splendid facilities for surf bathing; tennis courts and golf links are in close proximity, and the surrounding country abounds in beautiful walks and picnic retreats for those who prefer to "rough it," while the view from the broad verandas is unsurpassed.

Each and every minute of our stay will be filled with exhilarating and health-giving opportunities for carefree relaxation from the workaday world.

We shall leave on Monday after our all-too-short visit, refreshed in mind and body, thanks to the kind hosts of "Crest Fallen" and Seaweed-by-the-Dock.

Cordially,
A. C. M. Azoy.

"WHAT'S THIS INFERNAL RACKET?"
"THE ENGINEER ASKED THE BOSS FOR A DAY OFF AND HE TOLD HIM TO GO AND WHISTLE FOR IT."

Under the Microscope

JUDGE GANGLION: What's this piece of protoplasm charged with now?

WHITE CORPUSCLE: He crossed a main artery without observing the "Stop" sign, Your Honor.

JUDGE GANGLION: Put him back in a cell!

HOWARD: What makes you so sore on the girl of to-day? Is it her permanent wave?

JAY: No, it's her transient' nose-powder.

Wolf Fuelner

THIS town has had two happenings this week
Which interest and happiness provided:
Wolf Fuelner suicided,
Whereat the church decided
To raise the salary of Rev. Meek.

After the Volstead business well unsinewed
Wolf's little brewery on the hill
Above the river, Wolf continued
To run his restaurant, and a little still,
And brew, remembering the vanished cheer,
For his friends a little beer.

Meanwhile the Rev. Meek held a revival,
And won some eighty souls to God,
Giving them Methodist tickets
To pass the heavenly wickets;
And the Baptists started, too, trying to rival
These eighty odd
Souls won over to God.

Now eighty people, thirty being men,
Make a considerable increase
Of the town's police,
Inflamed with righteousness, especially when
Chiefed by the Rev. Meek.
They drove Moll Miner over to Springfield, then
They arrested Harry Croaker
For playing poker.

The. Carter, Watty Carver and Hank Bale
Went fishing above the bridge, and just below
Wolf Fuelner's place you know.
At one o'clock the fish began to fail,
And their stomachs, too, and so they went
Up to Wolf's place for nourishment,
And got a table. Laughing his cheeks red
Wolf hustled around and ripped
Germanic oaths of welcome, gave them bread,
Cold ham and pickles; and for better cheer
Went out, came back and slipped
Each one a glass of beer.

While they were eating, all at once
Steps shuffled at the door.
There stood the saved ones like a pack that hunts,
With Rev. Meek to the fore,
And Constable Mick.
The laughter ended, every one looked sick;
And Wolf went over to a shelf,
Took down a pistol and shot himself.

That night the trustees voted Rev. Meek
More salary, and to-day they buried Wolf
In Dutchland graveyard near Salt Creek.

Edgar Lee Masters.

Squaring the Circle

"SMITHSON says his holiday wasn't a success."
"What can you expect? He tried to combine vacation with pleasure."

The Sculptor: WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
Friend: CHARMING! CHARMING! BUT DON'T YOU FEEL THAT IT'S A LITTLE TOP-HEAVY FOR A RADIATOR CAP?

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"MY dear, I'm all hot and BOTHered—I mean I'm comPLETEly BAFfled and nonPLUSSED at this point because DID you hear about the Prince of WALES going to marry an AMERican girl? HONestly, I think it's terribly exCITing, don't you REally think it IS? Yes, my dear, there isn't the SLIGHTest doubt aBOUT it because it said in the PApers that some Sir SOMEthing or other in New ZEAland or some odd place like that said that the Prince of WALES ought to marry an AMERican girl because it would FOSsilize good reLAtionships between ENGland and AMERica or something—can you BEAR it, my dear? Well, ANYways, I think it's perfectly THRILLing because I HONestly think the Prince of WALES is SIMply aDORable because he is REally TERribly CUTE and all, do you know what I mean? But GOSH, my dear, I REally think it would be a TERrible responsiBILity, sort of, to be QUEEN and everything. I mean I wonder if a CROWN would be beCOMing to bobbed HAIR? Because I mean I'd sort of HATE to let my HAIR grow again, my dear, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, I could ACtually ROLL over and BUTter myself with disMAY at this point because I am honestly on the VERGE of colLAPSE because if this Prince of WALES person should suddenly proPOSE to me I ACtually wouldn't know WHAT to SAY because I think a marriage like THAT is something you ought not to rush INto sort of BLINDly—I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Premature

HER FATHER: Young man, your attentions to my daughter must stop at once.

YOUTH: But I'm not ready to marry her just yet awhile, sir.

'TIS love that makes the world go 'round with that worried expression.

The Golfer's Farewell

THE doctor tells me my wind's a trifle erratic;
That I'd feel better if golf and I were to part.
Something I need, he says, a little more static....
Well, here I am.... Say, what did you bid, a heart?

Never again to hear the click of the mashie
Lifting the ball with just the right touch of spin,
Never again to send it away for a flashy
Drive and following iron dead to the pin.

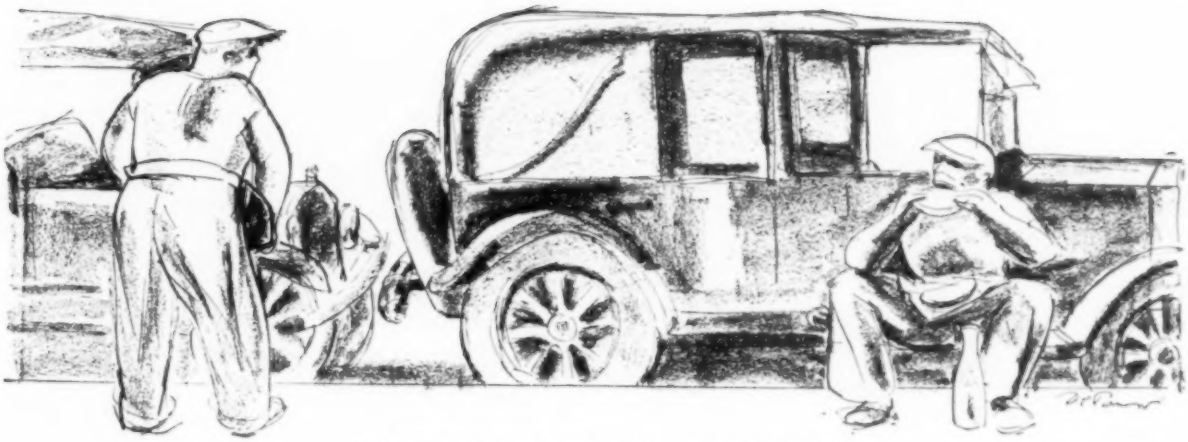
Never again the good old Saturday foursome!
Billings and Koch and Snyder and me—all dubs
Kidding each other. But—well, it never grew boresome,
And we enjoyed it. Excuse me! Lesee. Two clubs!

Mostly we topped and sliced and hooked and foozled.
Seldom we did the dogleg in less than ten.
Wrangled and cussed—but we had a pretty durngoozled
Good time.... And we *weren't* so rotten, for fat old men.

Oh, well, that's that. I never thought golf a hard game,
But the doctor's afraid I might drop dead on the links...
Damn it! I'd rather than yawn through a lousy card game.
Gimmie my clubs. WHO cares what the doctor thinks?

Baron Ireland.

Madam: I'LL HAVE TO HAVE ANOTHER BOX OF THOSE REDUCING TABLETS.
Druggist: LADY, I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL. I USED TO BE A JOCKEY MYSELF.



"C'MON, EAT HERE, BILL—IT'S A ROLLS-ROYCE."

Barberic Opera

"*CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA,* datsa verrie nize! He's wreeten heem, *Pietro Mascagni.* Sho! Seet up a leettla high' inna chai' Hi gonna talla you da 'storia.

"Was wan time a fal*loh* was heen loaf weet heez goil but he's go for be heen de army. Joina nav' anna see da woil'—no? Whan he's come back home, he's goil she's married somebody else. Poosh 'em up a leettle high', pleeze.

"So dese fal*loh* he'd gonna be verrie so'. But he's smot fal*loh,* so he stot to make da loaf to anodda goil joos' to get heven—datsa doidy treeck! Whan de odda goil she's believin' 'im, dan come de fois' goil han' say, 'Alla ri' keed!' So he's leave da odda goil flat an' make da loaf to da fois' goil joos' da same she'sa marrieda woman he don' geevadam! Th-th-th-th! Datsa *bad!*

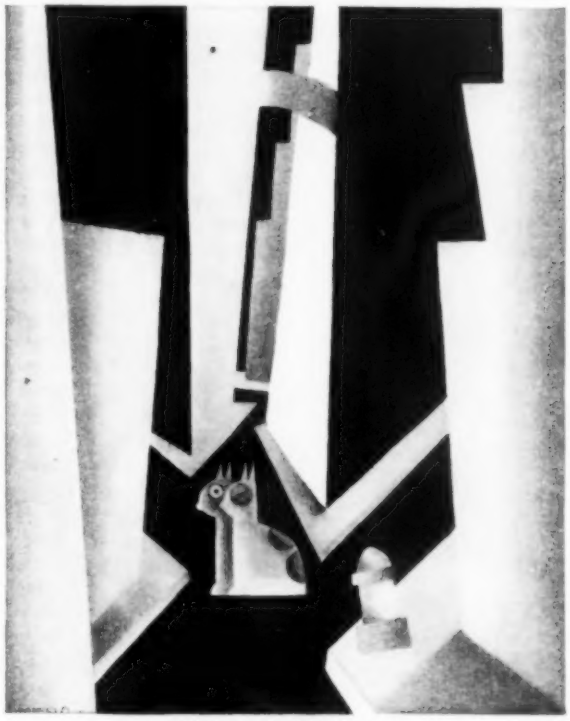
"So dese odda goil she's go to dese fal*loh's* modda. 'Scusa pleeze,' she say, 'you son he's ain't done ri' by hour Nal.' So de ol' lady say, 'Datsa toaf loak. He'sa my boy, but he'sa *diavolo* weet da wim' joos' likea heez poppa. Hi no gotta da influenza weet heem hat hall. You barra spik fo' youself, John!'

"So dan da goil go to dese fal*loh* han' she say, 'Hey—you! Maybe you fagettin' to rememba somateeng! You makea me wat I ham to-day—datsa not samooch!' So da falloh he's say, 'Pooh, you makea me seek. Gerrouta here—gorrahal!' Sanamagun! Dese fal*loh* he's gotta da heart joos' likea da coconuts!

"So dese goil she say nat*teeng,* but she teenk, 'Hall right fo' you. You makea me so' now Hi'm gonna feexa you hup good!' So she's go an' tella da husb' wat dees fal*loh, Turiddu,* was watchucallit weet heez wife. 'Sanamagun!' says de husb'. 'Hi go to dese Turridu and bitea he's lef' hear!' Heen Seecily datsa mean fight whan one fal*loh* he's bitin' da lef' hear anodda fal*loh.*

"So dey fight weet da knife and dese fal*loh* he's *getta da woikus.* Sanamagun! He's keela dead! Monkey beezaniss weet da wim' datsa verrie bad! Watchu wan' onna hai' pleeze?"

H. W. Hanemann.



The Cat's Whispers

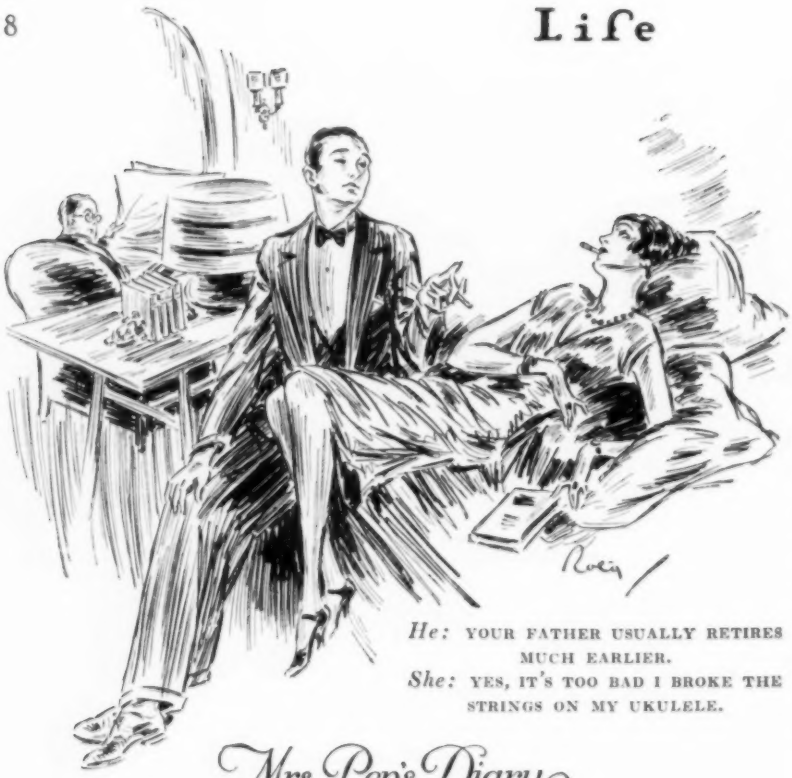
First Cat: MY WIFE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME IN WEEKS.
Second Cat: WELL, JOE, DON'T FORGET THAT NO MEWS IS GOOD MEWS.

Free and Equal

"WHAT I like about your United States," said the Britisher, "is that you have no upper and lower classes, as we have in England, or castes, as in India. Every one is free and equal."

"Yeah," replied the American. "All we have over here is the Four Hundred, the White-Collar Men, Bootleggers, Wall Street Barons, Criminals, the D. A. R., the K. K. K., the Colonial Dames, the Masons, Kiwanis and Rotarians, the K. of C., the Elks, the Censors, the Cognoscenti, the Morons, Heroes like Lindy, the W. C. T. U., Politicians, Menckenites, the Booboisie, Immigrants, Broadcasters and—the Rich and Poor!"

IN the midst of traffic, we are in death.



He: YOUR FATHER USUALLY RETIRES MUCH EARLIER.
She: YES, IT'S TOO BAD I BROKE THE STRINGS ON MY UKULELE.

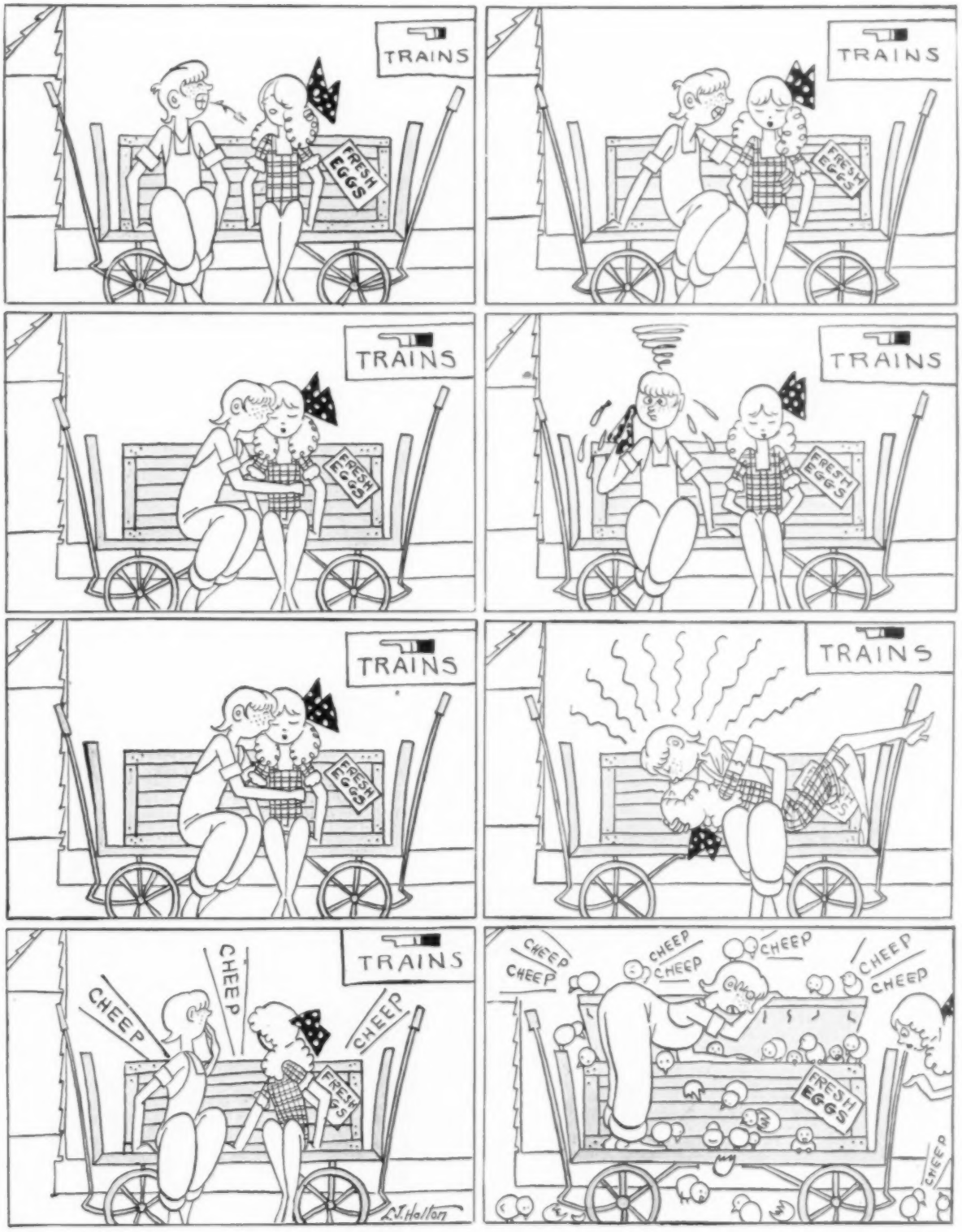
Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 19th Early by train to the city to join Marge Boothby, and then off in great haste to Stamford to see Ruthie Roberts married, marvelling at life's ironical exigencies which compelled me, with a wardrobe stocked with new and costly raiment, to be wearing my old black chiffon voile to the wedding of one of my closest friends, and in my excitement I did manage to rip one fold loose on a train doorknob and to get myself smeared with white paint in two or three conspicuous spots, so that I arrived at the magistrate's looking something like Barbara Frietchie, nor did I help much by bawling loudly throughout the ceremony, but Lord! the marriage service, even when read over perfect strangers, never fails to set me a-weeping. Then to Talmadge Hill for a breakfast, very merry, and Ben Johnston, who lives hard by at Springdale, did tell how he had planted his corn on a Sunday when he was in his cups, and, being unable to remember where he had sown it, had been forced to wait until it sprouted before he could lay out the rest of his kitchen garden. Back to town, to stop for a day or two in our abandoned flat, with Marge for company and Katie to look after us, and we did make a fine dinner of squab, peas and tomato aspic, going afterwards to see the Grand Street Follies, a gay and intelligent harlequinade with one of the most amusing lyrics in it that ever I heard in my life about the struggle a child must make to be innocent these days. Home to raid the icebox and mix up a gin rickey in as devilish and girlish a spirit as our intelligence would permit us to assume, and so to bed, reading in Mr. Crosby's new book about Skippy, whose current prayer is, "Oh, Lord, give me the strength to brush my teeth every night, and if Thou canst not give me that strength, then give me strength not to worry about it."

Manager of Gents' Furnishings: HERE, JOHNSON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PUTTING UP A SIGN LIKE THIS? S-O-C-K-S ISN'T THE WAY TO SPELL SOX.

July 20th The first post extremely heavy and of no account, but across one envelope which had been misdirected to a number across the street was largely written in blue pencil, "Not known here," and for some reason I did feel affronted by the conspicuous and nonchalant statement, in especial since it was nought but a circular on the cooking-in-apartment-hotels situation, a splendid thing to send a woman who is afraid even to light a gas stove. Reading the journals over our breakfast, and Marge, glimpsing the picture of a woman who was trying to dodge the camera man by placing her palm over her face, said that in a similar situation she would be more concerned with hiding her hips. To luncheon at a publick with Bert Crosley, and he did tell us how Lem Atwood went such a pace in Havana last winter that half the time he knew not where he was, and would address waiters, ticket agents, etc., in French, and that it was a miracle that the constabulary did not arrest him on sight wherever he went. Lord! I cannot see what pleasure pertains to such inebriety, and am reminded again of Marian Cox's statement that man is the only animal who makes love at all seasons and drinks when he is not thirsty. Whilst we were at dessert, I had the misfortune to sneeze suddenly and break my string of pearls, some of which fell into my pineapple sherbet and had to be extricated with a melon prong, to the great excitement of the waiters, so to a jeweller to leave them to be restrung, hoping that he would gasp upon seeing them and tell me they were the ones Napoleon gave Josephine, or some such tale as is always circulating in this town, but he did not. Then home, and there was a long-distance call in from Sam, and when the connection was made, I could think of nought to say to him, and it did seem a piece of folly to lay out a dollar or two merely that Sam might ask me a question to which by this time he should be reasonably convinced of the answer.

Baird Leonard.


TRAINS
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HOT!

CLEAN COMEDIES FOR CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Virtue Rewarded - - - - *A Moral Drama of Modern Times*

CHARACTERS

CLARINDA.....*A poor shopgirl*
JASPER BLOODMORE
A rich film magnate
JOHN LIVESTONE
A noble floorwalker

SCENE: *A mammoth store. Clarinda is discovered behind a counter.*

CLARINDA: Ah, it is hard indeed to earn an honest crust of bread with my bare hands. Look now at these proud ladies of wealth who purchase trifles at my counter. How arrogant they are, how haughty. Had I but one hundredth part of what they fling to the four winds I should be rich indeed. (*She sighs deeply.*)

BLOODMORE (*entering the shop*): How now, my pretty one? Good day to you.

CLARINDA: Sir.

BLOODMORE: Are you insulted?

CLARINDA: I am. How dare you presume to address me thus?

BLOODMORE: I thought so. And I suppose you will not listen further to such language.

CLARINDA: You are right. I will not.

BLOODMORE: Yet suffer me to speak, Clarinda. A few words and I am silent forever. I wish to star you in my motion pictures. You have beauty.

CLARINDA: Beauty is but skin-deep.

JOHN LIVESTONE (*who has been eavesdropping*): Well spoken, Clarinda. What is beauty, indeed? It is hardly decent. Honor is much more.

CLARINDA (*to Livestone*): Thank you, John. (*Turning to Bloodmore.*) About your offer, sir. Will you give me gold?

BLOODMORE: Yes, untold wealth. And I will deck your body with jewels.

CLARINDA: But to be a star of stage and screen. Never! Oh, the shame of it! Keep your gold, Jasper Bloodmore. Rather would I be content with the mere pittance which I earn here and with these miserable rags which now cover me.

LIVESTONE: Well spoken again, Clarinda. Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.*

CLARINDA (*softly*): Thank you, John.

BLOODMORE (*ashamed*): Now I understand. You have won the pure love of a noble young man.

*Shakespeare. "Merchant of Venice." Act VII, Scene 5.

CLARINDA: I have. And so I cannot sell my heart for precious metal.

BLOODMORE: And shall I then leave your presence abashed and silent?

CLARINDA: Yes, and quit this roof forever. (*Turning to Livestone.*) John, do you love me?

LIVESTONE: I do. I shall declare myself. I indeed love you.

CLARINDA: And shall we soon be joined in holy wedlock?

LIVESTONE: Yes, you shall become my beloved spouse. *Noblesse oblige.*

BLOODMORE (*with a whimsical twinkle*): Perhaps the time is propitious to tell you of my little deception. This has all been no more than a test. I am not Jasper Bloodmore, the motion picture magnate!

LIVESTONE: Then, by the Eternal, who are you?

BLOODMORE: I am...

(*He takes from his pocket a curly gray wig and a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and puts them on.*)

CLARINDA: Father!

BLOODMORE: Yes, it is indeed I. You are proven true as steel, Clarinda, and I withdraw from your fair head that curse inflicted in a moment of wrath whereby you were deprived of your rightful share of the estate I had amassed through years of honest toil and patient labor. You have well learned the lesson of poverty, and so has this worthy young man. God bless you, my children, and will you do me the favor to accept this packet of bank notes amounting, in all, to five hundred thousand dollars or some such sum?

CURTAIN.

W. W. Scott.

"HOW NOW, MY PRETTY ONE? GOOD DAY TO YOU."

Benighted Souls

FIRST THEORIST: So many people are unhappily married.

SECOND THEORIST: Yes, and the pity of it is, so many of them do not know it!

Gold Shoes

MARCIA is dancing in gold shoes to-night—
Little gold slippers with gala red heels.
Throbbing jazz melodies seem to invite
Marcia to show the elation she feels.
Youth in gold shoes! Such a wee shining part
Plays she to-night in the scheme of creation!
Marcia is dancing on hearts, and her heart
Swells with an answering wild exultation.

Marcia is dancing in gold shoes to-night—
Moan out, ye saxophones; mark time, ye drums!
Some one is holding her almost too tight;
Here like a bright swaying blossom she comes.
Youth in gold shoes! Naught can check the advance;
Let not a censuring murmur be spoken—
Little gold slippers were made for the dance.
Possibly, too, hearts were made to be broken.

B. Y. Williams.

Journalistic Portraits

Secretary Mellon

HE is said to be the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, by Republican organization newspapers the editorial writers of which hope nobody will ask them suddenly to name three others.

He is supposed to be able to tie the French financial authorities into the tightest knots since Benjamin Franklin's, an assertion never challenged at the regular Thursday luncheon of the Kiwanis Club.

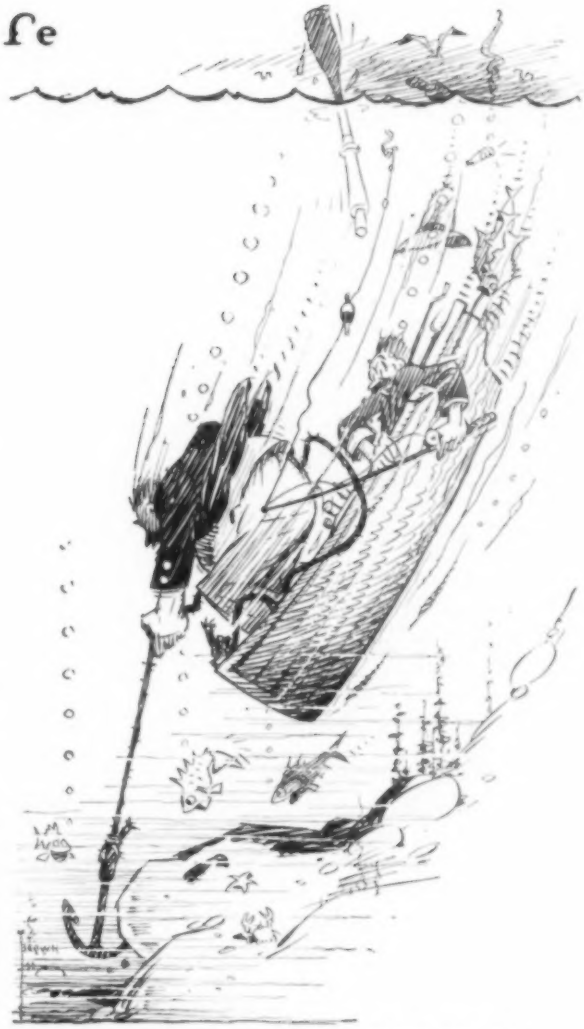
He is the Republican dictator of Pennsylvania, which in itself is sufficient proof of financial genius.

He has been applauded for originating the Mellon plan, which is something like the Dawes plan in that it does not have to be understood to be appreciated.

He is a successful banker. In fact, he has done more for banking than any man except the inventor of the "Next Window, Please" system.

McC. H.

"I'VE BEEN STAYING A WEEK AT ATLANTIC CITY WITH MY HUSBAND, AND THE CHANGE HAS DONE ME A LOT OF GOOD."



THE TUG-OF-WAR CHAMPION TAKES CHARGE OF THE ANCHOR

A More or Less Tactful Man Talks to Lon Chaney

"YOU say you like that guy, Lon? You're kidding—you don't know him. Why, if any guy ever needed to be stepped on it's him, Lon. I'd as soon go near him as I would a scorpion or a tarantula. He's two-faced, I'm telling you—just about the most two-faced guy I ever saw and I've seen some two-faced guys in my time. You can't make a bird like that out. One day he's one kind of person and the next day he's something else again. I'll bet his own mother don't know him, the way he acts. He's just a crab. He certainly ought to be stepped on. You know, Lon, they tell a funny story about him. . . ."

Tup.

Well Informed

SHE (*as he leads her from the dance floor*): Do you think you'll be able to find a nice spot where we won't be disturbed?

HE (*proudly*): I should say so. I belong to the Nook-of-the-Month Club.

"WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR?"

Dear Boyhood Days

SOME day, when I have amassed a fortune, I am going to try to recapture the memories of carefree, happy childhood.

I shall build a house, a replica of the old family mansion in West Newton, Mass. It will be a sort of combination of Moorish and Queen Anne architecture and will be painted dirty brown. In summer the porch will be littered with log chairs and tables, the bark of which will come off on the clothes of any one careless enough to approach. Interior furnishings will be entirely of slippery horsehair or dust-catching red plush. There will be heat registers in the floors, and the wall paper will be burlap. Tacked on the walls will be designs in burnt leather, most of them bad copies of Gibson Girls. Of course, an iron dog or deer will stand duty outside.

Among the knickknacks scattered about will be a push-and-crank telephone, carefully concealed in the darkest corner of the clothes closet; hassocks, shaving mugs, napkin rings, mustache cups, calabash pipes, a stereopticon, a punch bowl with hooks on the side for glasses, an umbrella stand, a hatrack, bead portières, palm leaf fans, ash trays with cigar bands pasted on the bottom, a stained glass window over the front door, a book of trading stamps, a plaster skull doing duty as a tobacco jar and considered very gruesome by the ladies, a row of plaster monks' heads to hold pipes, pull-out doorbells and a complete collection of Sweet Cap pictures.

I shall put a scarf ring about my tie and a stickpin through it, don yarn mittens, earlaps, button shoes and a straw hat with a string to keep it from blowing away. I shall go and sit in a net hammock which will tip over at the slightest provocation. Under the hammock will be sleeping a grossly fat pug dog with a faded ribbon around its neck.

I shall then spend fifteen minutes in dreamy contemplation of dear, dead days that will never return.

After that I shall buy a ton of TNT, blow the whole crazy contraption eight miles into the air, come back to my two-room apartment and live like a civilized being the rest of my life. *Tip Bliss.*

"X" Marks the Spot Where the Tragedy Occurred

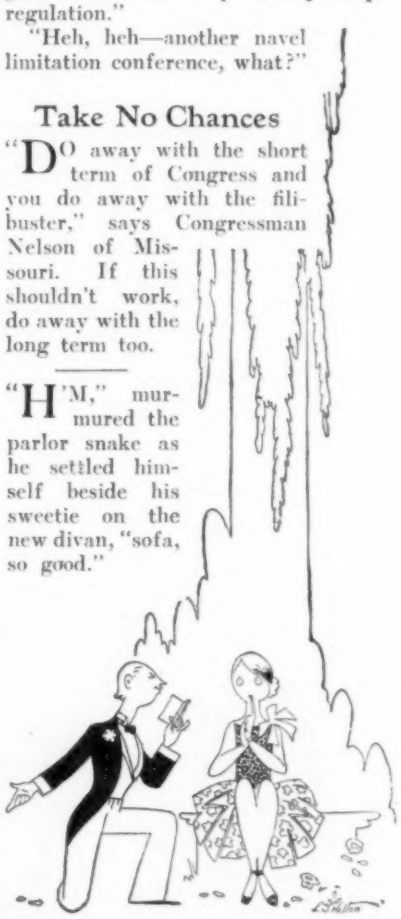
"I UNDERSTAND the California orange growers are getting together to maintain prices by crop regulation."

"Heh, heh—another navel limitation conference, what?"

Take No Chances

"DO away with the short term of Congress and you do away with the filibuster," says Congressman Nelson of Missouri. If this shouldn't work, do away with the long term too.

"H'M," murmured the parlor snake as he settled himself beside his sweetie on the new divan, "sofa, so good."



The Poet (reading): "LADY, BY YONDER BLESSED MOON I SWEAR, THAT TIPS WITH SILVER ALL THESE FRUIT-TREE TOPS"...

She (to herself): BELIEVE ME—THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER SIT OUT A DANCE WITH A POET!

Day After Day

Wife No. 631: SOLLY, OLD THING, TO-MORROW WILL BE THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING.

King Solomon: THEN WE SHALL HAVE TO HAVE A REUNION, MY DEAR. HOW MANY ARE THERE IN YOUR CLASS?

Speaking of Figures

SHE: My dear, I've gotten one of these one-piece bathing suits and I'm simply scared stiff to appear on the beach in it.

HE: Why? Lots of girls are wearin' 'em now.

SHE: I know—but I simply can't get up nerve enough to wear it!

HE: That's absurd. You see lots of 'em.

SHE: But I think they look poisonous on loads of girls who wear them, don't you really think they do?

HE: Well, they do on girls who haven't got good figures.

SHE: I think you really have to have a simply marvelous figure to get away in a one-piece suit, don't you really think you do?

HE: Yeah—these dames that haven't got good shapes look awful, all right.

SHE: Well, I'm simply terrified to appear in one — I actually am!

HE: That's ridic'lous.

SHE: But you have to have a simply marvelous figure to get away in a one-piece suit, don't you really think you do?

HE: Yeah — but what's wrong with your figure?

SHE: *My* figure! It's simply *awful!*

HE: Don't be ridic'lous. I think you've got a swell figure—I mean, I bet you've got a swell figure.

SHE: I haven't at all, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

Lloyd Mayer.

"SOMETIMES DEY DON'T SHINE SO WELL. YOU KNOW HOW DIAMONDS ARE."

Let It Go at That

NOW that Mr. Ford has frankly confessed that the most important part of the *Dearborn Independent* was entirely outside of his ken, we could bear the shock if informed that he has never fully realized just what kind of car, bearing his name, the rest of us have been riding in, looking at and listening to.

If it ever comes to that, Mr. Ford, don't apologize. Let bygones be bygones.

E. O. J.

SHE: We must not do anything you can't afford, dear.

HE: Oh, then you won't marry me, after all?

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor* CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

THERE may be a lesson for us all, and especially for the Naval Conference, in the failure of that lively young Sharkey from Boston to deposit the venerable Dempsey in the hole. Dempsey, fouls or not, seems a valid die-hard, and it may be that that sort still has its uses in this world.

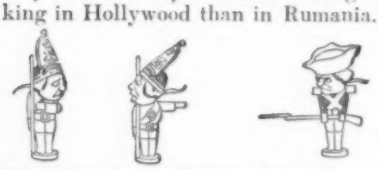
This is a new era and that implies a new order in society, but that the old order will stand up for another round or two is all but obvious, and that it may win some decisions is likely. It does not step as lively as it did, but it isn't dead yet; oh, no! Britain, for example, continues in active operation, all forebodings to the contrary notwithstanding, and has just transmitted to Canada for exhibition and co-operation two royal princes and her Premier.

Let us hope we shall see them all in the United States. Possibly Mr. Coolidge will invite them to fish with him in the Black Hills. If the Naval Conference doesn't get anywhere there will be all the more reason to cultivate affectionate relations between the parties to it, for if they fail to agree it will be less because of distrust of one another than of distrust of the immediate stability of human affairs in general. Mr. Coolidge, however, may not care to complicate his midsummer politics with large-scale hospitalities and may see Mr. Baldwin later in Washington in the more regular course of business. For Mr. Coolidge is not much of an inviter. To be sure, he invited Charles Lindbergh to Washington, but not until it became evident that something had to be done. He does not care for the limelight for its own sake, but seems merely to endure it as a detail of advisable political publicity. Mrs. Coolidge seems to take to it more kindly, and so more successfully, than he does.

STUDENTS of Mr. Coolidge may be asking themselves what he would have done these last three months if he had still been Governor of Massachusetts and had had Sacco and Vanzetti to deal with. As these words are written that matter is still hanging by the gills. Something will have been done about it before this issue of LIFE reaches its readers. The decision in that case seems likely to be even more momentous than the decision that gave the fight to Dempsey. It might even produce another Presidential candidate from Massachusetts, a thing incredible, but not inconceivable.

Mr. Coolidge is temperamentally disinclined to invite events. He prefers to wait for them to happen. That appears in his reluctance to call an earlier session of Congress than the law provides. Doubtless regarding the meeting of Congress as a necessary evil, he prefers to have it happen by constitutional process, yet he must be giving due, and possibly anxious, thought to whether he can afford not to call Congress to meet in November. Mr. Smoot thinks he ought to and Mr. Smoot usually has persuasive business reasons to back his thoughts. The opinion of Senator Jim Watson of Indiana that Democrats in Congress from the South will not care to make a stir for an early session against the wishes of Mr. Coolidge "upon whose action they are so largely dependent for adequate relief" is the suggestion of a practical mind.

FERDINAND of Rumania, who for some months past has meditated departure from this agitating sphere, has finally departed. His late kingship has been bestowed on his grandson, aged five, in the absence of his son Carol, detained in Paris by private business. Carol, however, would like to be king. There is probably better money for him in being a king in Hollywood than in Rumania.



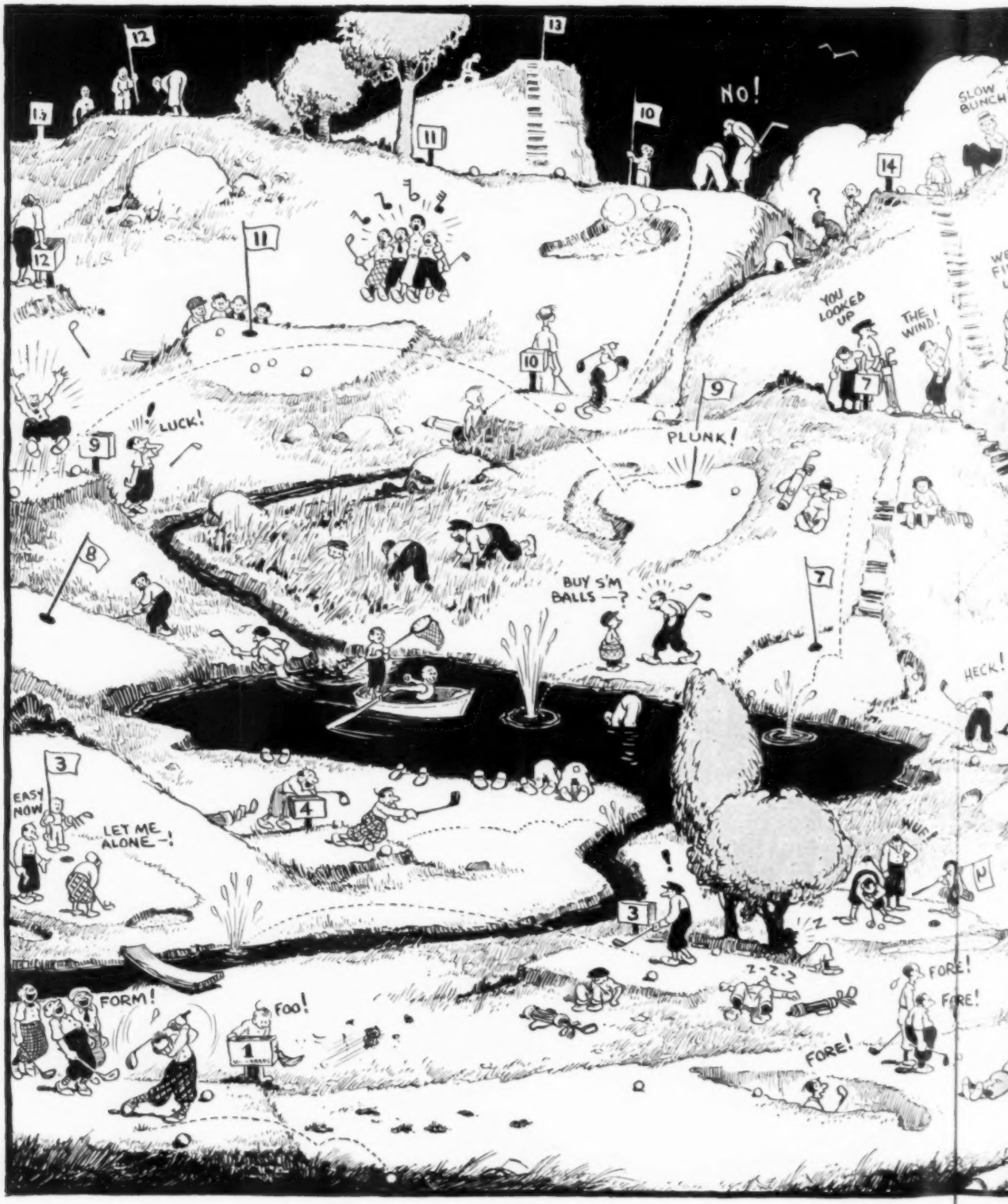
HAYM SALOMON will not get a statue in Madison Square just yet, but he has had a good advertisement, and that is something. He should have one from time to time, for he seems to have been a useful and disinterested patriot in the Revolution, who lent money freely to the insurgents and their government and never got much of it back. The Municipal Art Commission, which is the Devil's Advocate in appeals for canonization by statue, ruled against the plea for Haym because his claims seemed not of monumental size nor clear enough. Besides that, no likeness of him has come down.

Of course the motive for a conspicuous monument to Salomon was to please the Jews, of whom an appreciable number are now residents of New York. The Columbus Statue in the Circle at Fifty-ninth Street stands for similar reason as an offering to our fellow-Italians. Columbus, however, though never a resident here, nor yet a broker as Haym Salomon was, was a well-known and highly speculative character who, of many discoverers of the Western World, was the first who succeeded in publishing his find. The statue to him is as much in honor of advertisement as of navigation, and of course as such deserves its place until perhaps its site is needed for Mussolini.

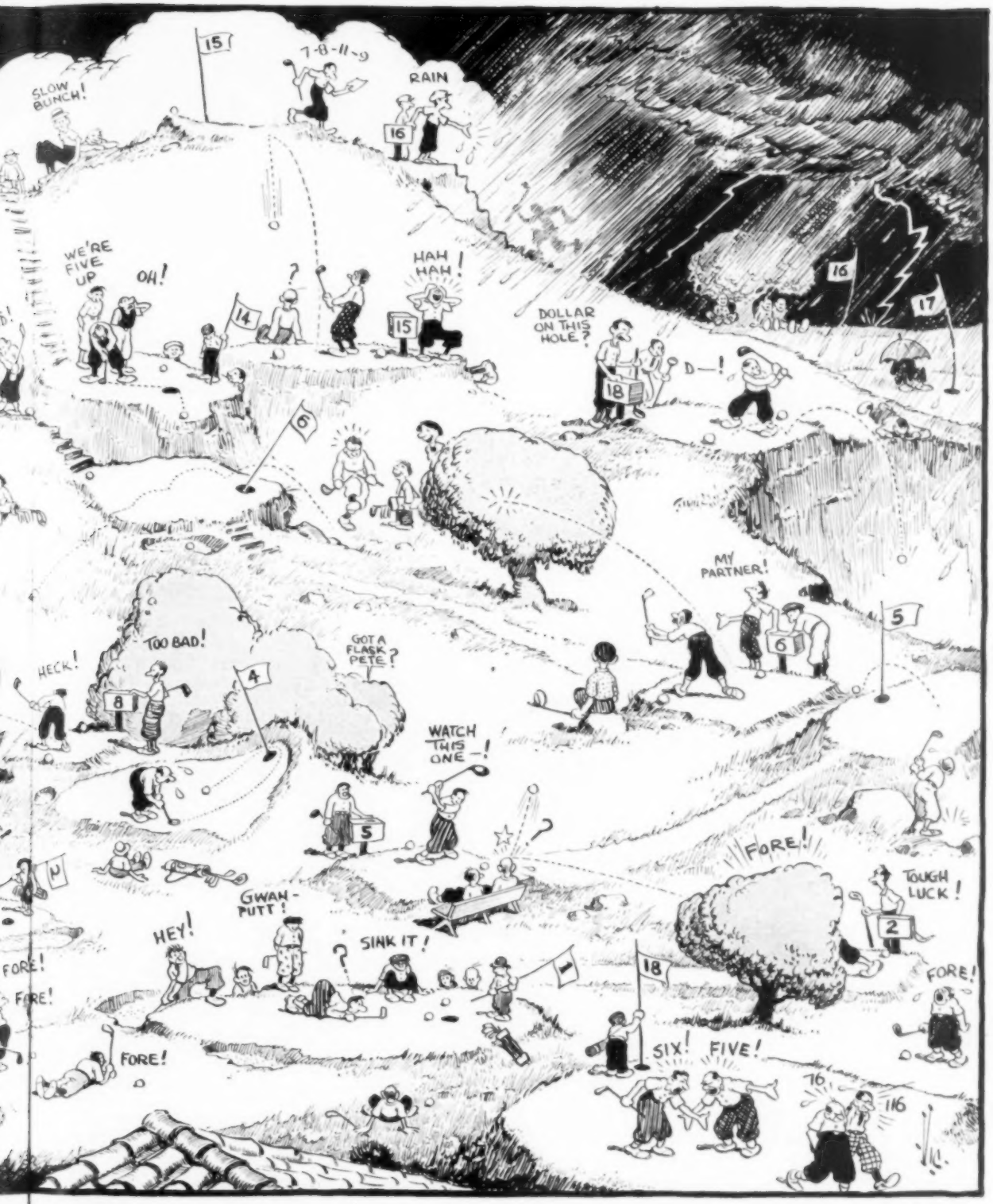
If H. L. Mencken, the well-known mocker and derider of current civilization, is, as alleged, a descendant of Haym Salomon, that is monument enough for Haym.

E. S. Martin.

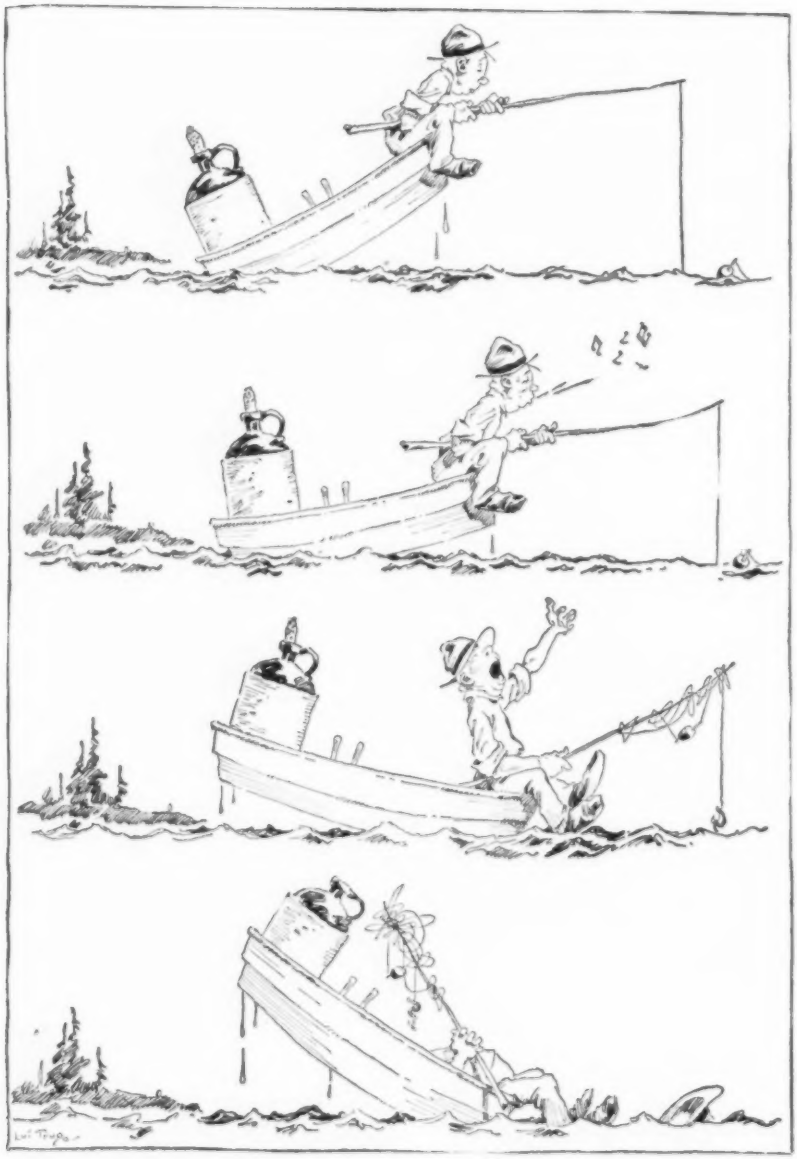
Low Tide



Saturday's Ch



ay's Children



UPS AND DOWNS OF FISHING

Want-Ad Bait, or How to Sell a Boat

FOR SALE: The *Sylph*. Circumstances force me to part reluctantly with my twenty-foot power boat, former pride of the bay. The *Sylph*, God bless her, leaks a little, smells awful, looks worse. Still, she's my boat. The one-cylinder engine starts sometimes in as little as twenty minutes. All in all she is not a prepossessing craft, but something intangible and of far greater value to the future owner than any amount of mere wood and metal is included in the purchase price. And that is the uncontested right of the new master of the *Sylph* to be known, henceforth and forever after, by the dignified and enhancing title of "Captain."

Capt. Bill Sykes.

"WAS your uncle in full possession of his faculties at the end?"

"We don't know yet. The will is to be read this afternoon."

The Battle of the Stenchery

THIRTY-SIX sport writers
Sitting 'round a ring,
All full of fistic dope,
Knowing everything.

Thirty-six experts
Watching every blow;
Some said they landed fair
And some said—low.

Ever since the battle, Mother,
Some of us have felt
Jack Sharkey never can
Wear the Champ's Belt.

Where would they put it,
On a guy like that—
When even experts can not tell
Where his belt line's at?

Arthur M. Sherwood, Jr.

A Day at the Beach

In One Reel

FEATURING JUNIOR
SUBTITLES BY JUNIOR'S MOTHER

SCENE 1. This was to have been a picture of Uncle Frank diving off Uncle Phil's shoulders. Junior stepped in front of the camera just as the shutter was snapped, and the black and white bars you see are the mid-section of Junior's bathing suit.

SCENE 2. Annie, May, Flora, Pearl and Grace. Junior's rubber ball hit the camera, making them look that way.

SCENE 3. This picture would pass for that of a whale instead of one of Cousin Roscoe showing why he is able to float so easily. Junior splashed water on the lens.

SCENES 4 AND 5. The gang eating watermelon and the same gang playing leap-frog at the same time. Junior rewound the film while we weren't looking.

SCENE 6. Two strangers we never saw before. Junior insisted on taking their picture, and it's the only one that turned out well.

Chief Leading Eagle

"WELL, I guess I'll vote for Cal. Coolidge next year."

"Why, I didn't know you were a Republican."

"I'm not. I'm a humorist."

The Drama in Vienna

Vienna, July 16th.

THE theatrical season in Vienna suffered a temporary setback last night, owing to the fact that all the actors and audiences were hiding in cellars. You can't put on much of a show with every one under hogsheads six or seven blocks away.

It seems that some one (thought to be the Shuberts) started a revolution just at theatre-time, and you know what a revolution is. Gunfire, gunfire—gunfire.

AT the *Ostbahnhofschauspielhaus* the *Ostbahnhofschauspielhausgesellschaft* was playing a piece of Von Reitergenossen's called *"Die Passionsblume"* when the shooting started. The first act opens with *Niegratz* reading a letter from *Ulma Lufdorf* in which she says that she doesn't see any reason why they can't get together on this thing and show a little coöperation. She asks him if *Gelba* is standing in his way. Just then a servant comes in and says that there is a man named *Janssen* who wants to see *Niegratz*.

Janssen enters and the two men sit down at the table and order *Paprikahuhn mit Nockerl*. *Janssen* then draws out a map on which he points out where the new clubhouse is going to be if they can ever raise the money. While they are talking *Irma* enters and starts flirting with *Niegratz*. He takes her in his arms and they sing a duet called *"Es ist gleichgültig ob es gebilligt wird oder nicht."* It was at the third bar of the second verse of this song that the revolution started outside in the Ringstrasse.

JUST as *Niegratz* sang *"Es ist gleichgültig ob—"* a large bullet came through the door from the alley and fixed the glass chandelier just dandy. Another came through the back drop and skimmed over the *Paprikahuhn*. The actor playing the rôle of *Janssen* was found this morning in Burgdorf, a suburb of Vienna, under a clothes-hamper. *Niegratz* and *Irma* went up the aisle and out into the lobby, where, after looking at their billing and assuring themselves that their pictures were in the frames, they left for Czechoslovakia. The performance was called off for the duration of the war.

THE report was the same from other theatres in Vienna, indicating a general slump in business throughout the city. Some managers blamed the weather, some the unseasonable gunfire, but the consensus seemed to be that something would have to be done to get the actors and audiences out from under the beds before the box-offices would begin to pick up.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print* LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Ladder. *Cort*—The "Abie's Irish Rose" of flops.

The Spider. *Music Box*—A mystery play that has not only novelty but mystery.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Spanish sex-activity. Pretty warm weather for plays like this.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—In memoriam.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Regardless of the weather, see this melodrama of back-stage night-life.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore proving that there is still a place for smart light comedy—provided Ethel Barrymore is in it.

The Mating Season. *Wallack's*—Skip this one.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—A trifle by Molnar so nicely done by Holbrook Blinn and associates that it seems funny even when it is embarrassing.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl in a decidedly amusing version of what happened to Hannibal the night before he didn't sack Rome.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—Very nice comedy of young married life, with Ruth Gordon as the bride who faces the facts.

The Second Man. *Guild*—Light society talk well written and spoken.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Africana. *Daly's*—Negro revue with one dominant personality—Ethel Waters.

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—A big show with Austrian music and clowning from "Poodles" Hanneford and George Hassell.

Grand Street Follies. *Little*—Some very smart burlesque of current drama by the outfit from the late Neighborhood Playhouse.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—A good book, good music and Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Kiss Me. *Lyric*—Moderately bad musical show, with Desirée Ellinger.

The Manhatters. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed next week.

Merry-Go-Round. *Klaw*—Marie Cahill and Don Barclay in a revue which has several good points.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—What with Phil Baker and Ted Healy there are enough laughs in this one to make up for the Spanish part.

Padlocks of 1927. *Shubert*—Texas Guinan and her intimate night-club troupe which, in spite of everything, turns out a good evening's entertainment.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Still one of the best, with Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell.

Rang Tang. *Royale*—The most elaborate of the Negro shows, with occasional high-spots.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld—De luxe* entertainment from the visual standpoint, with Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Try This on Your Heart

ONE heartbeat is all that we—but wait! We'll come back to that in a minute.

Get this first: The approximate number of heartbeats credited to a normal individual in one day is 106,380. A generous number, presenting a liberal idea of vitality and "keeping up." When we look at it from the heart side, we cannot feel that nature is asking us to accomplish the job of living without providing us with an excellent little whirlwind motor to help us along.

106,380! What if it had been 106,379? Nothing would happen to us, would it? We wouldn't miss that one heartbeat, would we? Life would be as full, as busy, as happy, as great an adventure without it. And, if that is true, as we firmly believe it to be, let us all—for one day this week—do with 106,379.

And now we're back at the beginning again. That one heartbeat! That extra heartbeat that we have set aside! What is to become of it?

Here's the answer. *We want it.*

We want it for the poor children of New York's ferocious, child-stealing, summer-tortured slums. We do not have to tell you about the slums of New York—the hideous, humid, terrifying tenements—the squalid streets, the sweltering, weary denizens of these poor places.

THE POTTERSVILLE TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE. IF THEY KEEP IT UP ALL WINTER, IT'S GOOD FOR A RETURN TICKET TO CAMP NEXT SEASON.

You know all about them because you are a human being with a longing to understand and help the "other half." Well, that extra heartbeat is to go to the children of the tenements this week.

It will take you but the fraction of a second to dispose of it—give it to some little white-faced youngster of the Lower East Side. One heartbeat of sympathy and generosity. That one heartbeat that you will never miss. But what a difference in the life of some child!

If one heartbeat of yours is what we think it is, it will lead you to do something practical for the pitiful little creature you have given it to. Something helpful. For instance, it will provide, or help provide, a holiday for him or her at one of LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children, a work of humanity that has been sustained for forty years by heartbeats — not one of which, taken from the allotted 106,380, has caused a single casualty.

Try it on *your* heart. And let that beat be worth something beautiful to some helpless little creature whose happiness this long, hot summer lies in your willingness to share your plenty with him.

$20, approximately, pays for eighteen (*Please turn to page* 29)

"FATHER, A NEEDY ONE STANDS BEFORE THEE!" IS AN INDIAN PRAYER, INFINITELY APPROPRIATE FOR THESE CITY-SICK CHILDREN WHO FEEL THAT IN THEIR CASE THE GREAT SPIRIT—COMPASSION—HAS ANSWERED.

Mental Hazards

THE CLUB PRO.

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY

Passenger: I TOLD YOU TO CALL ME BEFORE WE GOT TO MEMPHIS—AND WE'RE PULLING OUT OF MEMPHIS NOW. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

Porter: WELL, SAH, YOU SEE, IT WAS DIS WAY . . . *Ah heard the Mississippi rising and Ah thought it was you.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

B. HARRISON WINFIELD,
419 *Thirty-first Street,*
Woodcliff, New Jersey.

Second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

TEX CHARWATE, *Bellport Beach, Long Island,* for the Alibi: "When I called, 'Memphis! Here's where you git off!' you yelled, 'Not *me!* No nigger's gwine to tell *me* where I git off!' "

CHARLES A. ENGLE, *Salisbury, Pennsylvania,* for the Alibi: "You're mistaken, mista, you don't mean me, 'cause I got off at Jackson and dis am a new porter which you am talking to."

MARION GOLDSMITH, *Lisbon, Ohio,* for the Alibi: "Why—why—why, for de Lawd's sake, boss, did you-all say Memphus? I fought you said brekfus'."

ELISABETH MCMURDO, *Jamaica, New York,* for the Alibi: "I called yo' an' I told yo' to get off at Memphis but you'd be surprised wheah you done told me to get off at."

D. F. MCKENNA, *San Francisco, California,* for the Alibi: "I done called you twice and sez, 'Memphis, sah,' but you jes' sez, 'Tell him I'm in conference,' an' went back to sleep."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 28

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

IMMEDIATELY below, you will find Alibi Number Thirty-Five, in which a husband needs your assistance.

It will be readily seen that he is in rather a mess. All you need do is observe the picture and at least part of the mess will be apparent.

He must explain to his attractive wife why he didn't inform her of the shocking conditions in the home. He must invent, without delay, an Alibi, or excuse, which will be sufficiently clever and ingenious to appease her.

Maybe, with your assistance, he can do so.

Complete, in twenty-five words, or less, his answer to her charge and, if your conclusions are among those which the Judges deem best, you will win one of the cash prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00

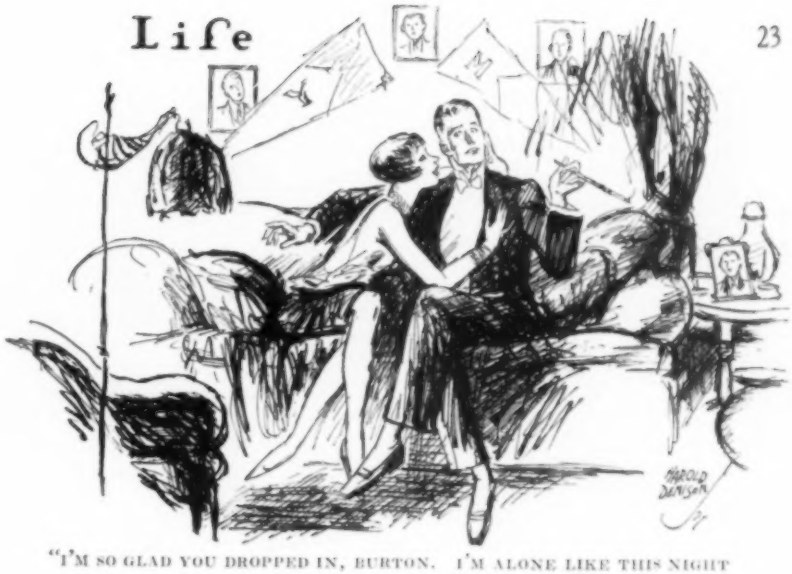
Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

Wife (back from vacation): YOU WROTE ME THAT EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT AND I COME BACK TO FIND THE MAID QUIT, THE CANARY DEAD, THE GOLDFISH EATEN BY THE CAT, AND POKER CHIPS AND CIGARETTE BUTTS ALL OVER THE HOUSE.
Husband: WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY . . .



"I'M SO GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, BURTON. I'M ALONE LIKE THIS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT."

Soldier Out of Luck

SCENE: *China. A recruiting sergeant's tent.*

THE CHINAMAN: I want to join the army.

THE SERGEANT: What army?

THE CHINAMAN: What armies have you got?

THE SERGEANT: I've got lots of armies—North, South...you know.

THE CHINAMAN: Which one is the best?

THE SERGEANT: They're all rotten.

THE CHINAMAN: Well, suggest an army, can't you?

THE SERGEANT: Let's see—(*He consults a list.*) Well, the Northern Army is pretty good to-day. But it's a tricky army—it may be 'way down to-morrow. I really wouldn't call it a safe bet.

THE CHINAMAN: How about the Southern Army, then?

THE SERGEANT: Well, that's an establishment that's been going a long time. But the food has fallen off terribly lately and they don't pay. Of course, you never can tell when it may take a jump.

THE CHINAMAN: Isn't any one of them a good thing?

THE SERGEANT: Oh, they're all about the same. Friend of mine joined up with an army called the Green Dragon Army. Great prospectus, swell gilt-edged uniform and all that. Looked like *the* big army of the year. Well, sir, in a month that army had been bought up by the North Army, there was a general reorganization and my friend found himself out of a job. Couldn't get a decent job anywhere else, either. He's pulling a 'rickshaw now. What do you want to get in the army for, anyhow?

THE CHINAMAN: Boy, you don't know my wife!

THE SERGEANT: Is that right? Put 'er there! That's why I'm in.

THE CHINAMAN: But *what* army are you in?

THE SERGEANT: Me? I'm in all of 'em. I'm sort of a Joe Leblang. (*The whimsy pleases him.*) I handle recruits for all of 'em. How about the Three-legged Toad Flying Squadron? It'll close in a couple of weeks but they're eating good.

THE CHINAMAN: No—if I sign up, I want something permanent.

THE SERGEANT: Buddy, there ain't no such animal. You take what you get in this man's war.

THE CHINAMAN: A hell of a war, I'll say.

THE SERGEANT: I'll say. But I don't want to sign you up under false pretenses.

THE CHINAMAN: Well, hell—I guess I'll take a whirl at the Northern Army. Take a chance—huh?

(*An orderly comes up with a paper.*)

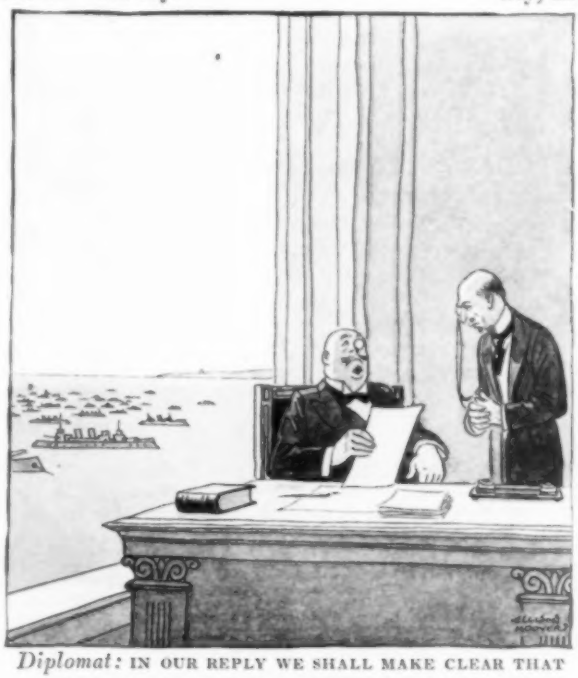
THE SERGEANT: Just as you say—hey, listen to this. (*He reads from the paper.*) "The Southern Army has declared voluntary bankruptcy. Owing to slack business, the Northern Army will accept no more recruits until further notice. In an effort to simplify the war, all other armies, squadrons, brigades, battalions, regiments, troops, etc., are hereby declared outlawed, null and void, *non compos mentis* and unsafe for vehicular traffic." Look's like you're out of luck, Buddy.

THE CHINAMAN: Oh, well, c'est lagair, I guess. Back to the old woman.

THE SERGEANT: Yeah, c'est lagair. Drop in again in a couple weeks and I'll see if there's anything for ya.

CURTAIN

Henry William Hanemann.

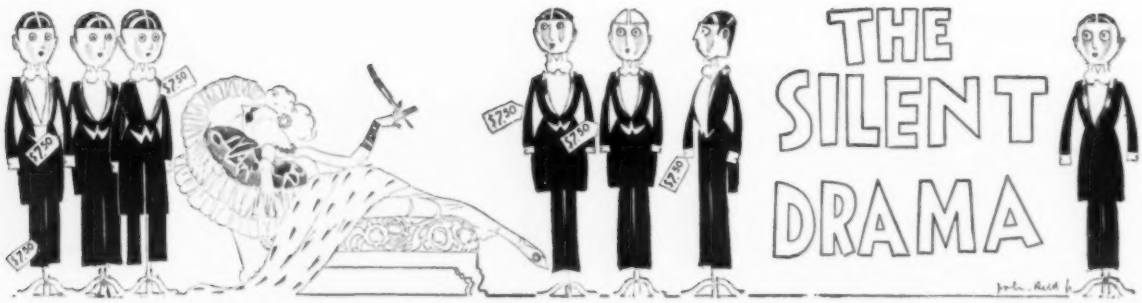


Diplomat: IN OUR REPLY WE SHALL MAKE CLEAR THAT AS TRUE ADVOCATES OF DISARMAMENT WE CAN PERMIT NO REDUCTION OF OUR NAVAL FORCES, THIS BEING INCOMPATIBLE WITH THOSE IDEALS OF INTERNATIONAL AMITY AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS WHICH WE SO EARNESTLY STRIVE.

Vague

BILL: Is she one of these modest girls?

PILL: One of which modest girls?



"Paid to Love"

THE utter inconsequentiality of plot is effectually demonstrated in the case of a picture called "Paid to Love," which is equipped with a story that might have served a musical comedy of the vintage of 1906 but which, for all that, manages to provide better than average entertainment.

For in "Paid to Love" the emphasis is placed upon the characters, rather than on the situations, and however preposterous and impossible these situations may be, the people themselves are real and, as such, pleasantly amusing.

The scene is a bush-league kingdom on the Mediterranean, and its king is trying to negotiate a loan with an American millionaire. Just as the plutocrat is about to be ushered into the royal presence, he notices that his shirt stud has slipped, and he tries to correct the defect in the usual awkward manner. When he is being presented at the throne, the king bends over and whispers in his ear, "Hey! Your shirt is out." "I know it," replies the embarrassed American. "Then why the hell don't you fix it?" inquires the king.

"Paid to Love" goes on in that commendably crazy vein, being enlivened by good performances by George O'Brien, Virginia Valli, J. Farrell MacDonald, Thomas Jefferson and William Powell. Miss Valli is excellent, but some one ought to speak to her about her clothes. They're reminiscent of Gloria Swanson at her worst.

INCIDENTALLY, it is worthy of note that William Fox, who sponsored "Paid to Love," has evidently revised his former policy and is now making good pictures. Something has happened to his organization and that something has accomplished surprising results. Among them are "What Price Glory" and "Seventh Heaven."

"Rolled Stockings"

FORTUNATELY the title, "Rolled Stockings," is applied for box-office purposes only and has no legitimate connection with the picture on which it has been tacked. "Rolled Stockings," as a title, carries suggestions of cheapness and bad taste which, happily, the film itself does not fulfill.

In fact, it is a surprisingly nice comedy — the word "surprisingly" being used because "Rolled Stockings" is played against a collegiate background, where, of all places, the movies can go farthest wrong.

Here, as in "Paid to Love," the characters are of importance, and they are nicely represented by the adroit Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen and James Hall. A word of commendation for the director, Richard Rosson, is also forthcoming.

THERE is a crew race at the finish of "Rolled Stockings" which, oddly enough, has no bearing whatever on the plot. The hero strokes his crew to victory, of course, but he fails to prove anything by doing so, because the heroine had announced her matrimonial plans before the race started.

This is most refreshing.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Blood Ship. An exceptionally good melodrama of despicable brutality and pure love on an old windjammer. If you like raw meat, this is just your dish.

The First Auto. Patsy Ruth Miller is the one saving grace of a pitifully feeble attempt to squeeze an epic out of the prehistoric Ford car.

The Callahans and the Murphys. Last week I announced that this was the most terrible picture I'd ever seen. The record still stands.

Ten Modern Commandments. How a chorus girl helped her boy friend to fame and fortune, with Esther Ralston and other generators of sex appeal.

Old San Francisco. Even Dolores Costello and Warner Oland look foolish in this ridiculous "thriller."

Fast and Furious. Reginald Denny in an auto-racing farce that is just about as usual.

The Unknown. Rather repellent close-ups of Lon Chaney's toes.

Vanity. If this is a true picture of high society, give me the lower depths.

The Missing Link. Comical antics by Syd Chaplin in the big game country.

Resurrection. Dolores Del Rio does magnificently well in this grim drama and so does the director, Edwin Carewe.

Tillie the Toiler. A series of bum wisecracks, interspersed with views of Marion Davies' knees.

Seventh Heaven. The triumph over adversity of a poor little Parisian waif—and, incidentally, the entrance of Janet Gaynor into the company of Hollywood's elect.

Camille. Norma Talmadge, being an emotional actress, had to get this rôle out of her system sooner or later.

The King of Kings. The last chapters of the Gospels converted by Cecil B. De Mille into a spectacle that is gorgeous, stupendous and generally impressive.

Annie Laurie. An old-fashioned melodrama of the Scottish Highlands, with Lillian Gish in very bad form.

The Way of All Flesh; Stark Love; Chang; What Price Glory; Beau Geste; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Old Ironsides and **The Big Parade.** All recommended.

A New Thrill millions may now enjoy

Today Home Movies with Ciné-Kodak are as easy to make as the simplest snapshots

YOU've ridden 60 miles an hour in an automobile. You've listened to radio concerts 1,000 miles away. You've read about wireless photographs and television. Now, here's a thrill that's different from any you've ever known before.

Movies—real movies—of people you know, children you love, places you go—are now easy to make and show right on your own silver screen.

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Eastman Scientists have made Home Movies as easy to take as the simplest snap-shots.

You sight your camera either from waist height or eye level. As you press a button, a shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on your film.

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For the day of the new sport, the new art, the new opportunity for self-expression, is here. Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

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Ciné-Kodak

The Simplest of all Home Movie Cameras

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel. You may also rent full length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodascope library.

A complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the yellow box. See your Kodak dealer.

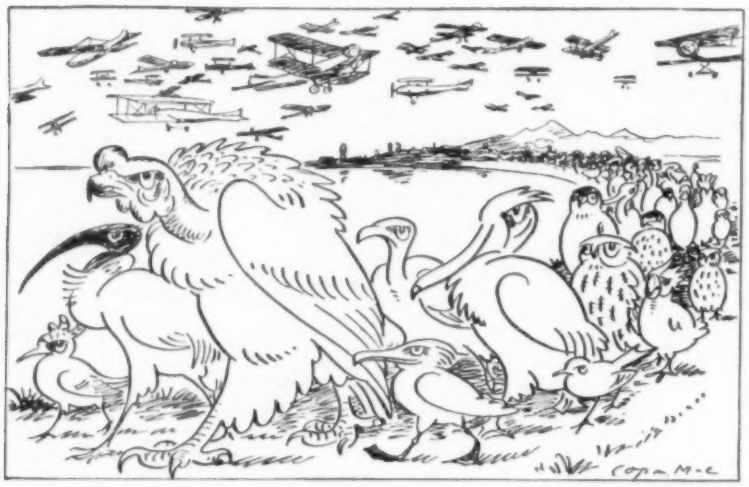
Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. LF-1, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name .....

Address .....

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



The Birds: EVERYBODY'S FLYING NOWADAYS. WELL, ALL RIGHT—FROM NOW ON WE'LL WALK.
—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

The Silver-Tongued Realtor

CLIENT: Rather a distance to commute, I'm afraid.

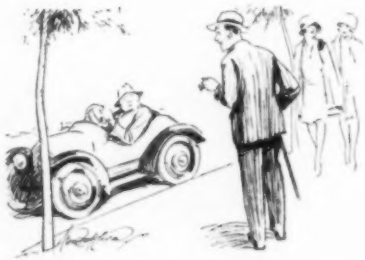
REAL-ESTATE DEALER: Commute? Commute? Why, my friend, you can step into a train at Grand Central, and be whisked out here in an hour and fifty minutes!—*New Yorker.*

A MOVIE actress has just remarried her first husband. It must have been his turn again.
—*Passing Show (London).*

COMING: "The bandits escaped in a high-powered plane."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"DO YOU HAVE THE LOUD SPEAKER AT THE TABLE WITH YOU?"
"YES, OLD FELLOW; IT'S A CHARMING GUEST—ENTERTAINING, YOU KNOW, AND COSTS NOTHING IN THE WAY OF NOURISHMENT."
—*Le Rire (Paris).*

REVISED MAXIM—Pride goeth before the photograph is taken for the passport.
—*Detroit News.*



"HELLO, JONES. THAT'S A NEAT LITTLE CAR YOU'RE WEARING."
—*Gaiety (London).*

The Dempsey-Sharkey Breed

WE heard a young man telling a young lady the other night that he believed he should see a doctor about the liquor question.

"Last night," he explained, "when I walked into my room I saw two rats over in a corner fighting."

"But," she soothed him, "there's nothing strange about seeing two rats fighting."

"No," he said, "but these had boxing gloves on."—*New York Evening Post.*

Our Trying Relatives

A SOCIETY woman has written in disapproval of cigarettes, cocktails and the new dances. Her daughters are trying to hush the matter up.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Astronomy Under Difficulties

PRAY do not chide me, for that I,
Though of a studious age the scion,
In gazing at the summer sky
Cannot tell Vega from Orion.
I would be happy, if I knew
The names of all the constellations,
But when the firmament I view,
I yield to ancient incantations.

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.

It is not that I underprize
Astronomy's sweet boon and blessing;
I wish I knew the teeming skies
By rote, for I am tired of guessing.
But always, when with chart and book
I sit, a truant from my bed,
After one sidereal look
Some strain starts running through my head.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

I am a traitor to the times,
My science is in shreds and tatters,
Because a lot of scurvy rhymes
Have spoiled my mind for higher matters.
Poor mind! It struggles with the names
Of Cassiopeia and Mars,
But plays the silliest childish games
Whenever I observe the stars.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

A Perfect Gentleman

PATIENT (*at doctor's office*): I am almost ashamed to call on you, doctor—it is such a long time since I was ill last!—*Cassell's Magazine.*

NOTHING that sounds dashed off is, if it is any good.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Optimistic Little Wife: ISN'T IT LUCKY THE NEIGHBORS SAW MY NEW HAT BEFORE THIS HAPPENED, DEAR?
—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Nothing Like Being Prepared

THE small boy, aged six, was making a tiny wreath with loving care. Daisies, pansies and leaves were deftly twined.

"Who is it for?" inquired his mother.

"You know you said you heard a mouse in the pantry?"

"Yes."

"And you know you said you thought of buying a trap?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you buy a trap, and if you catch the mouse, and if they drown the mouse after it is caught, and if the mouse is buried, and if we give it a *nice* funeral, we shall need a wreath, sha'n't we?"—*London Daily News.*

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

To a Contemporary Cocktail

TINKLE, tinkle, little drink,
Cool and plausible and pink.
How I tremble to begin you!
How I wonder what is in you!
—*Chicago Daily News.*

"WHAT did she shoot him for?"
"Advertising purposes."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Showman (to man with very fat wife): WILL YOU PASS INSIDE, SIR?
Little Man: WHAT FOR?
—*Gaiety (London).*

FEW signs of the war are left, except an occasional ribbon clerk who can talk mule.—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

"And the Evening and the Morning—"

A FRANKLIN woman who is interested in pageants received a letter from an Indiana woman, who was a stranger to her, saying that she had started to write a pageant, and did not have time to continue it. She wished to know whether the Franklin woman would not complete it for her.

By way of explanation the would-be pageant writer said: "I have named my pageant 'Creation.' It opens with a figure entering; moving slowly, very slowly. That is man. A second figure enters, moving slowly, very slowly. That is vegetation. Now, that is as far as I got."—*Indianapolis News.*

Another Handy Little Tip on How to Save Money

PERSONAL in the Kansas City *Star:* "I am not responsible for any debts contracted by any one. L. M. Michael."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WELL, boss," remarked a fresh youth in the office recently, "where are you going to spend our vacation this year?"
—*Detroit News.*

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Mid-Summer night's dreams..

Sometimes turn out to be nightmares. To keep your temper average when the mercury is aviating, we recommend PICKWICK. It's the **only** summer night's dream we know that induces Morpheus to come and linger until the alarm goes off in the morning. Summer or Winter, PICKWICK is always the delightfully, soothing beverage for discriminating people.

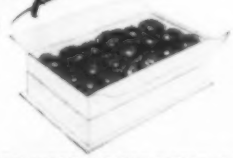
PICKWICK ALE and STOUT

The Tang of Good Old Ale

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants
HAFFENREFFER & Co., *Boston*

A WELCOME GIFT for the Summer Vacationist

Reymers'



"That Good Pittsburgh Candy"

Stores approved as Reymer Agencies are supplied direct from Reymers'—ensuring freshness and careful handling. Dealer inquiries invited.

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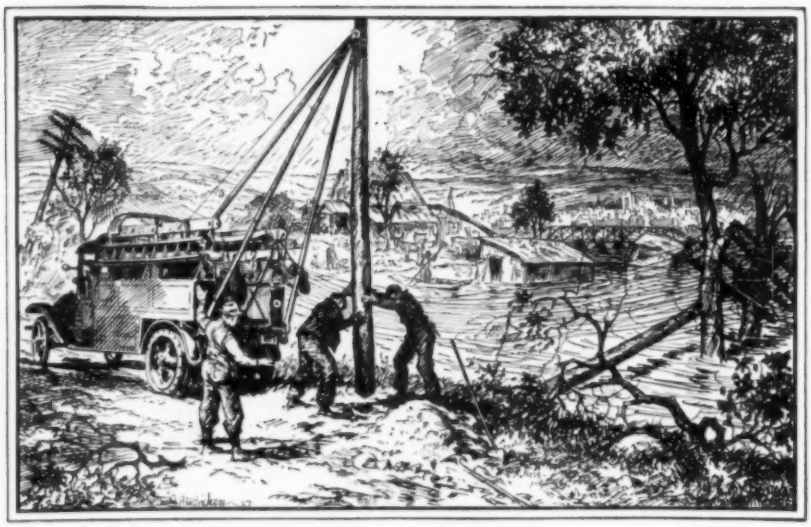

All for One

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

A SLEET storm descends, carrying down trees and wires. A wind turns outlaw and blows down a pole line. Or some swollen river rampages through a circuit of destruction.

But wherever angry nature attacks the Bell Telephone System there are repairmen trained to meet the emergency, and everywhere trained in the same schools to the use of the same efficient tools. Supplies of surplus equipment and materials are kept at strategic points whence they may be rushed by train or truck to the devastated area.

Throughout the Bell System, all construction and practice are standard, so that men and supplies, when necessary, may be sent from one state or company to another.

There are twenty-five Bell Companies, but only one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

Next Week—

the TOURISTS' NUMBER

with a cover by *RUSSELL PATTERSON*—a double-page cartoon by *GLUYAS WILLIAMS*—and many other delightful features.

Don't Miss It!

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page 22 for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on August 25, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of September 15, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

Also the Cracked Ice

JACK HARRIS of Ottawa is in Italy giving Mussolini the once-over. "As nearly as we can determine," he writes home, "Mussolini seems to be Santa Claus, Napoleon, Julius Cæsar and the Rockefeller foundation rolled into one, with a seasoning of Machiavelli and John Barrymore."—*Emporia Gazette.*

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page 20*)

full, gorgeous days for one child either at LIFE's Camp for Girls at Branchville, Connecticut, or at LIFE's Camp for Boys at Pottersville, New Jersey.

So—one heartbeat of mercy and kindliness and generosity, please. One heartbeat converted into good United States currency.

$20—or more—or less. There is no limit on the amount, either end of the scale. Only, with the Camps in full swing, with the children pleading at the gates to be allowed to enter and frolic and laugh in the sweet, cool country, you can see that we are in need of funds. Nothing, as you know, can be accomplished without money. Without money to pay for these happy days at Camp—days that make little bodies strong and little hearts unafraid—we must leave these children to battle through the heat and the life of the slums this summer without our help.

Don't wait until some other time to experiment with your heart.

Do it now.

Spare us one heartbeat—and see how much better it will make you feel!

L. A. F.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND *has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended $385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.*

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE *about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to* LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, *and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Previously acknowledged	$14,422.11
Mrs. Griffith L. Williams, Bristol, Pa.	15.00
Miss L. I. Fish, High Hill Beach, N. Y.	10.00
In loving memory of Mrs. M. E. Carmichael, Newark, N. J.	10.00
C. A. S., Cambridge, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Wm. T. Ritch, Greenwich, Conn.	5.00
Parker B. Newell, Plainfield, N. J.	3.00
Alice Pomroy Smith, Elmira, N. Y.	10.00
"A Friend," Alpena, Mich.	20.00
In memory of Charles Francis Emerson, Jr.	25.00
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Mrs. S. M. Haslett, Alameda, Calif.	20.00
C. W. Bickford, Osceola Mills, Pa.	10.00
F. C. Sargent, Winchester, Mass.	20.00
In memory of Peter and S. C. M., Lake George, N. Y.	6.00
Joseph J. Novorolsky, Philadelphia	2.00
J. Edward Obey, Pittsburgh	1.00
Beany, Rochester, N. Y.	50.00
Azz, Rochester, N. Y.	25.00
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Carl Ultes, Jr., Springfield, O.	1.00
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Betty, Ursula and John, West Park, N. Y.	5.00
W. N. D., New York	50.00
Colin Gardner, Middletown, O.	10.00
Memory of A. C. B., Riverside, Conn.	20.00
"In memory of a loved boy," New York	20.00
Adaline Kelley, Harmon, N. Y.	20.00
Robert C. Smith, Jr., St. Davids, Pa.	5.00
Herman F. Straw, Manchester, N. H.	25.00

(*Continued on page 30*)

The skeptics of the Rathborne Country Club prove that a Kro-Flite golf ball cannot be cut

OTHER skeptics, too, have deliberately tried to cut the Kro-Flite—and having failed, have decided that such a tough ball could not have great distance—and having hit it, have felt the shiver of ecstatic pride run up and down their backbones as the balls sailed into the distance for drives that made conversation in the clubhouse afterwards. That is an experience which has been repeated on every golf course in America. Thus, thousands of golfers have switched to Kro-Flite permanently.

Even the Spalding guillotine cannot cut the Kro-Flite. And that heavily-weighted, keen-edged knife, dropping at terrific speed, has laid wide open every other ball ever tested. The worst it has ever done to a Kro-Flite is barely to dent it.

Kro-Flite's amazing distance has been demonstrated time and again by the driving machine—a device that hits every ball with exactly the same force. Thousands of tests show always the same result—Kro-Flites go as far, or farther, than any other make of ball, foreign or domestic. Try the Kro-Flite. At your professional's or sports dealer's.

Guaranteed for 72 holes.

We absolutely guarantee replacement of any Kro-Flite Ball which is cut through or becomes unplayable from any cause in 72 holes of play.

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
each 75 *cents*
Price same in Canada

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 105 Nassau Street, New York City
FREE—Please send me your booklet "Points about Golf Balls most golfers do not know."

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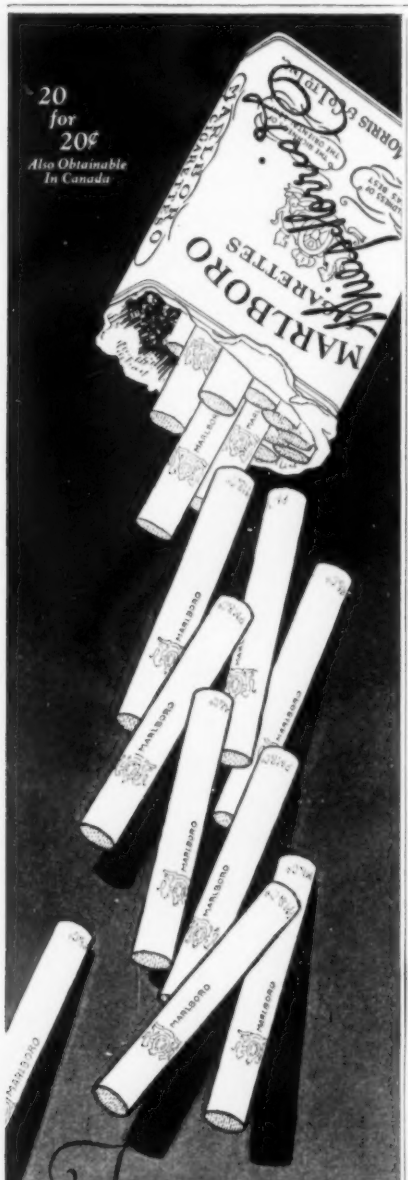

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LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page 29*)

"In memory of M. E. S. B.," Carbondale, Pa.	$10.00
"In memory of F. M. H.," Wynnewood, Pa.	500.00
Mrs. F. J. Ham, New York	10.00
J. L. Bower, Philadelphia	20.00
Mrs. J. R. Strong, Short Hills, N. J.	20.00
H. C. Thomsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10.00
In memory of Holmes Huston, Brownsville, Pa.	5.00
Fay Stout, New York	10.00
Walter P. Nollman, Great Neck, N. Y.	5.00
Anonymous, Rutherford, N. J.	2.00
In memory of Dr. Julian B. Hart, New York	10.00
Howard V. Mayer, Hazelton, Pa.	1.00
In memory of E. L. H., Stamford, Conn.	20.00
Walter M. Jeffords, Glen Riddle, Pa.	10.00
A. D. Osborn, Montclair, N. J.	10.00
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T. W. Whattam, Newton, N. J.	2.00
Charles B. Barnes, Boston	20.00
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Thomas Hyde, 4th, Sandy Springs, Md.	5.00
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In memory of Burr Curtis Keeler, Jr.	25.00
Virginia H. Speed, Louisville, Ky.	20.00
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Mrs. Henry S. Smith, Auburn, N. Y.	10.00
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W. B. Hosford, Mishawaka, Ind.	10.00
Mrs. A. C. Stamm, Harrisburg, Pa.	25.00
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Miss N. O'Grady, Scarsdale, N. Y.	10.00
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George A. Crocker, Jr., New York.	10.00
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In memory of F. W. J. and N. N. J., Washington, D. C.	10.00
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Thomas W. Stephens, Montclair, N. J.	5.00
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Mrs. Isaac W. Jeanes, Philadelphia	25.00
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The Gentle Art of Making a Touch

ALTHOUGH there is no open season for "touches" on Broadway, the lads who live by their wits are probably more active these midsummer days than at any time during the year. For the activities of our main street are at their lowest ebb.

A popular actor who has played but three weeks out of the last fifty-two saw one of the prosperous theatrical managers leaving his midtown club.

"Where are you going, Sam?" asked the actor.

"Over to Fifth Avenue to see my tailor," replied the manager.

"I'm going your way," said the actor. "I'll walk over with you."

As they walked across Forty-so-forth Street the actor had a bright idea.

"Say, Sam, I've had a rotten season. I need a new suit and I have no money or credit anywhere. Slip me a twenty-dollar bill. When you go to pay your tailor, pretend you are twenty dollars short and ask me to loan you twenty. Despite my shabby appearance, when the tailor sees that I'm a friend of yours, and apparently have money to lend, he'll insist on making me a suit."

The manager laughingly agreed that the scheme was worth trying and handed the actor the twenty-dollar bill. When they reached the tailor shop he faithfully carried out his part of the program, turning to the actor for help.

"I find I'm twenty dollars short. Let me have twenty, will you?"

"I'm sorry, Sam," said the actor. "I haven't got a cent with me."

—*New York Evening World.*

Great Loves

THE story is told us of a young lady who visited the office of a theatrical producer for the first time, a little nervous because of stories she had heard of the wickedness of Broadway. Nothing happened, of course, but she rather felt it up to her to indicate that she knew just how gay the producer was. Her eye fell upon a framed panel of ten or twelve pretty heads hanging above the gentleman's desk.

"And those," she said in her most sophisticated manner, "are the great loves of your life, I suppose."

"No, dearie," said the producer. "Them's all Julian Eltinge."

—*New Yorker.*

Imaginary Conversations

GENERAL WOOD: You are the happiest people on earth.

TWO FILIPINOS (*who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation*): Why don't you let us speak for ourselves, Governor?

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"I REGRET," Mother Earth probably feels like saying to Byrd and other aviators, "that I have but two poles to give to my fliers."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ADD similes: "As nervous as a book agent in Boston."

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

Summer

AFTERNOON AFFAIRS

that are remembered with delight

THERE'S a delicious taste, a thrilling *tang* to these refreshing drinks that makes thirst a joyous adventure! Right to the spot they go . . . and bring that instant invigorating flow of new energy.

No wonder modern home-managers rely on bottled carbonated beverages. They're *always* ready to serve. No muss. No fuss. No bothersome preparation. Serve them alone, or in tempting, novel combinations.

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SENT FREE: Write for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess.*" Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A. B. C. B., 858 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

The Conversationalist

THE DAUGHTER: Mr. Jiggs seems to be able to talk upon any subject. He must be awfully well read.

THE MOTHER: No—well listened-in.

—*Humorist (London).*

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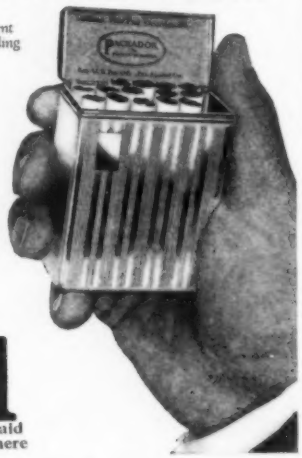
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Postpaid Anywhere
YOU offer your friends cigarettes. But how? Ragged — bent — dry and rumpled? Is this a system? PACKADOR keeps cigarettes perfectly. Flips open with one hand. Takes a pack of twenty, wrapper and all. Keeps tobacco out of your pockets. Handsomely, heavily nickeled. Featherweight.
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The Scholar

WERE I as studious as Carneades,
As visionary as Artemidorus,
As keen of wit as Aristophanes,
Who made the birds and frogs to sing in chorus;
As philosophical as Socrates,
As scholarly as Thales of Miletus,
As versatile as Alcibiades,
As full of moral dope as Epictetus—

Were I as sapient as Nestor was,
As Doctor Mezzofanti polyglottal,
As penetrating as Protagoras,
As solid and profound as Aristotle;
As subtle as Averroës, as bright
And quick as Pittacus of Mytilene,
Had I Plotinus' mystic second-sight,
Or all the depth of Bias of Priene—

If Solon, Solomon and Doctor Faust
With lore might dower me, with parts enlighten;
Were I with universal wisdom doused—
In short, were I an Admirable Crichton—
Why then, this catalogue I've made in rhyme
Would almost hint my power to outsoar them....
(The fact is that I spent a lot of time
In looking in the dictionary for them.)

—*Ted Robinson, in*
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life, Sliced

MR. ENTWISTLE lifted up one corner of his first card. It was an ace. It warmed him a bit. Cautiously he slid the second card up its back and saw that it was a king, the king of clubs. Warily he inspected the third. It was the jack of hearts. He slid down a little in his chair the better to see the ten of diamonds as it arrived. The fifth card came his way now. He hesitated to pick it up. He didn't like to draw to straights in the middle. He fingered it for a moment and snapped its corner against the table. Then he stole a peek. It was a queen.

Mr. Entwistle didn't dare look up. He knew he hadn't much of a poker face. He hoped some one would open it before it reached him. Then, of course, he would raise. He was trying to be calm. He looked at his cards again to be sure. Yes, there they were. And then he heard a voice.

"Emory," said Mrs. Entwistle, "what's the matter with you? Pick up the rest of your cards. Mrs. Bascom bid a diamond."

—*Russel Crouse, in*
New York Evening Post.

A Gay Deceiver

THE vicar of a small village said to a youth of his flock, "I'm afraid, William, you're tampering with the affections of several girls in this parish. I'm told that you're courting a girl in this village, another at Little Crompton, and a third at Muddlington."

"Well, sir," said William happily, "I've got a motor-bike."

—*London Evening News.*

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Otherwise O. K.

AT a dinner during the war a certain man of international fame was being discussed. Opinions differed concerning him. Some of the diners attacked him savagely, others insisted that he was a fine fellow despite his mistakes. J. M. Barrie, who was present, listened to all their remarks in silence, then said quietly without looking up from his plate:

"He was an infernal scoundrel, but 'twas his only fault."

—*Boston Transcript.*

WE are informed by a weekly paper that the skin of the hippopotamus is two inches thick, but then he wants it with a face like that.—*Punch.*

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The Knight Engine—Constantly gaining in smoothness, quietness, power. The only type that definitely *improves* with use.

7-Bearing Crankshaft—Banishes vibration.

Skinner Rectifier—The device that prevents dilution or contamination of oil.

4-Wheel Brakes—Positive, mechanical-type—act in a flash. For maximum driving safety.

Belflex Shackles—Prevent chassis squeaks or rattles. Remove the need of greasing and adjustment.

Narrow Body Pillars at Windshield—For greater vision. When all other cars have this feature, accidents will be greatly reduced.

Eight Timken Bearings in Front Axle—Most fine cars have but four. Result—the Willys-Knight steers without conscious effort.

Light Control at Steering Wheel—You dim without removing your hand from the wheel.

Shock Absorbers—Air Cleaner. Thermostatic Temperature Control. Finest quality upholstery.

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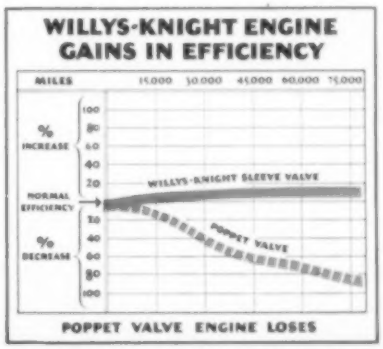
THE ENGINE IMPROVES WITH USE—IN SMOOTHNESS, QUIETNESS AND ECONOMY



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The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos tell in the smoking. Expert blending has its part in making Camel the finished masterpiece of cigarettes. In creating Camels no cost or care is too great to make them the fittest and finest, regardless of price.

If you don't yet know Camels, you are invited to complete taste satisfaction. Camel is the smoking friend that will never fail you. It's first in this modern, particular age.

"Have a Camel!"

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